

# A BIT OF LIGHT STALKING

By: LovelessHope

**SUMMARY:** Draco is obsessed with Hermione Granger. And after months of watching her, and masturbating to her image, he finds her at his door step begging for his help. Ron wants to make a concoction out of her blood that will kill all muggle borns with only a sniff. Will Draco hide her and keep her safe, or will he use her misfortune as his advantage? \*Some Dark Draco Scenes\* Please let me know if you like it :)

## COMPLETE INFORMATION

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## **Chapter 1: Infatuation**

Her body was perfect. Every freckle, deep brown eyes, big smile. He loved to watch her. She would come to Diagon Alley around 3:00 Pm every day, and that is how he would get his fix. She would run her fingers along the railways of the alley, mind lost in thought. He often wondered what she thought about. He would run her name through his mind like wind, melodic. Hermione. It was the perfect name, for a perfect girl. A perfect, yet filthy little mudblood.

Draco moved from behind a building tailing her as she went into Honeydukes, he knew she had no children of her own, so she must've been buying sweets for herself. Maybe today he would offer to pay for something, be a gentlemen, at the same time wanting to tear her apart. Maybe someday he thought, but not today. He waited outside of the candyshop, his eyes following her through the window, until she came out. She only had bought one thing. Chocolate frogs. He wrote on a piece of parchment

### **Chocolate Frogs**

Draco added the sweet to a long list of items he had tracked her buying. Then he watched as she walked to a fireplace near by to floo herself back home. Hmm he thought. I should be getting back home as well. He floo'd himself back to his home. Not nearly as big as the manor where he'd grown up, but fair in size. He then went to his bedroom. It was lonely now that Astoria had gone away, but it's not like he really cared. He knew why she'd left. She knew about his infatuation with Hermione Granger.

Now that little shrew was gone, and Draco could put the paintings he made out of adoration for the mudblood on his walls. Above his bed, anywhere he pleased. Speaking of being pleased, he flopped on his bed, pulled down his trousers, and stroked himself to his full length. He ran his fingers up and down his shaft, pretending it was Hermione's mouth. Her cute lips, her small tongue that she flicked out when deep in thought, her eyes. Oh gods, her eyes. He could just imagine them looking up at him as he forced his cock down her throat. He imagined them welling with tears as she choked. That's what she gets, he thought, always thinking she's better than me, wiggling her plump arse in my face every day. Fuck.

Draco looked at the painting directly in front of him, it was Hermione, but naked and covering her breasts, a seductive grin on her face. He stroked his cock harder, precum spilling out of it. Oh he wanted her. Wanted her on her knees, then on her back, then chained to his bed. He wanted her as his doll, his little fucktoy, his little mudblood.

Draco's thoughts turned fuzzy as he got closer to cumming. The thought of her moaning out of forced pleasure, after hours of begging him to stop, only to give in to her perverted body, sent him over the edge. Cum spilled out of him rapidly, and he moaned into his hand. When he had fully finished he went to the bathroom and cleaned himself up. He had just put his robe on when he heard a knock at the door.

He went to the door nonchalantly, his eyes almost popping out of his skull from what he saw when he opened the door, though. He gasped. It was Hermione, her face red from tears and her clothing torn. "Help-H-Help!" She sputtered and pushed past him and stumbled right on the floor of his living room. "Shut the door!" She wailed. Draco just looked at her

"The door you bastard!" Hermione screeched

Draco snapped out of his trance and flung the door shut. What the fuck was happening? Was Hermione on to him? Why was she at his house.

"Hermione-What's wrong-

"Ron! It's Ron they're after me!"

Hermione scrambled up off the floor and ran to the first room she could find, which was the coat closet, and slammed the door behind her, putting a lock charm on it. Draco felt as if he was in some bizarre and twisted dream. He starred at the closet. If he opened it, would there really be Hermione in it? And how could she have come to him? She should've known it was a bad idea. Was subconsciously, that is, How could she possibly know about the perversion... Unless somehow she maybe did?

Draco spent minutes starring at the door, until his brain told his body that there was a girl, infatuation beside, in his closet. And he should at least try to get her out. She couldn't stay there forever. Well... he thought to himself, maybe... The thought of her chained up in his closet made him bite his lip a little. Fuck, well she was right there... No! Do the right thing.. Besides she still has a wand, she could hurt me.

He unlocked the door magically and opened it to find Hermione in a heap of torn robes crying.

"Hermione, can you tell me what happened?" Draco said, trying to add sympathy to his usually cold voice

"Go away Malfoy!"

Did she just tell me to go away... in my own house? Draco thought

"Ahem... Um Granger, you are in my closet.. Can you atleast tell me why?"

"R-Ron, he and his strange cloaked friends came to my door, they want to dissect me! They want my blood!"

Draco was taken aback. Sure he hadn't seen Ron in a while, since he stopped walking to Diagon Alley with Hermione after they'd broken up, but to think he was part of a cult? That wants to take mudblood? Even Draco Malfoy was surprised with that news, and he had Voldemort hug him for Merlin's sake!

"Why do they want your blood, wait... Why are you here! Tell me Granger!"

Hermione seemed to fly up from her crying position to her wand pointing directly at Draco's throat.

"I'll tell you. But you have to promise you're not with them!"

"What the hell Hermione! You come into my house, hide in my closet, then threaten me with death when I want answers?"

"Promise!" Hermione pressed her wand deeper into his neck "Or you'll be dead before you can even blink your little roach eyes"

"Fine ! I promise!"

Hermione withdrew her wand and put it in her pocket, then went from the closet and sat on one of Draco's many couches. Draco sat in front of her, his eyes not leaving her even for one second.

"Well it shouldn't come as a surprise to you, but many pureblooded families don't like as you like to call us, Mudbloods, and Ron lost his mind after his brother died. He blames it on what he calls my kind. It's why we broke up. He said if people like me weren't at Hogwarts, people like Voldemort wouldn't even be a big deal"

"What about the wanting your blood part?"

"I'm getting there Malfoy!" Hermione said, her eyes narrowing as she moved her hand to her wand, just in case.

Draco put his hands up in a sign of mercy

Hermione continued "Ron is crazy! And he wants some of my blood to make some sort of concoction that kills muggle born wizards and witches like myself.."

"He had to have your blood-

"Why you insensitive little- Hermione drew her wand

"Woah Hermione, just asking, just asking"

"Yes it has to be my blood! It has to be blood that is in a person that either destroys a horcrux, or has been killed by Voldemort, given the blood is still fresh! Well I am the only mudblood who ever even touched a bloody horcrux, and if he gets my blood, not only will he kill any muggle born within a 500 foot radius, he can drink the concoction and become just as powerful as the dark lord himself! Then kill all muggleborns!"

Draco's eyes widened "You know what, Hermione. I'll make you a deal, I will let you stay here, because you and I both know that durranged Weasle-bee won't come looking for you at my house, but you have to pull your weight around here... meaning doing things like say... I will just use the term chores"

Hermione looked at him quizatively "What kind of chores..."

"Washing dishes, picking up my laundry, that kind of thing"

Hermione looked at him hard "Okay, but any funny business, and I will be gone!"

Draco sneered "No skin off my back if you leave, but remember you do have a bloodthirsty weasle after you"

Draco just chuckled then grasped Hermione's arm. "Let me show you to your room".

And Hermione followed Draco, the room looked nice. Besides how hard could doing some

laundry be? Oh was she in for a surprise

## Chapter 2: Casual Encounter

Draco made sure Hermione had the one room with a peephole on the door. "Oh it's just an old house" he had told her reassuringly "Probably put there when this door was used as a front door". She wrinkled her brow, but aware of her situation reluctantly agreed to take the room.

Hermione got into the bed after she was sure Draco had left. She didn't have any clothes with her, so she was pretty sure she'd have to sleep in the nude, if she wanted to avoid sleeping in tattered robes. Or she could ask Draco for maybe a tshirt or something to sleep in. But that would mean giving him even more power over her than he already had. Even if it was just a damned tshirt he would be letting her borrow. So that was her dilemma, sleep naked, hoping Draco didn't walk in, or ask Draco for a shirt.

"Oh what in Merlin's beard am I so afraid of" Hermione asked herself, then rolled out of the bed, adjusted her collar, and walked out her door. She wished she hadn't closed her eyes in triumph though, because once she took two steps out of the door she walked right into a wall. "Gods!" She thought "Could today be any more humiliating!". Then she walked down the hall to the master bedroom, and knocked on the door. No answer. She knocked louder. No answer.

Hermione started to turn the knob, slowly. She heard a soft groan and flung the door open "Draco! Draco Malfoy are you hurt! Did they come for you!". All she saw was the covers fly up around the silhouette of Malfoy, then she heard a loud "Knox!" as all of the lights shut off. Before she even knew what had happened, she felt a hand grab her wrist and forcefully shove her out of the room

"You're not aloud to be in here!" Draco Shouted pushing Hermione down

"I just wanted to borrow a shirt!"

"So you come barging into someone's room! What did you see!"

"What are you talking about! All I saw was darkness!"

"Good." Draco regained his composure "So you wanted to borrow a shirt?"

"Yes, I don't have any clothes with me"

"You didn't consider sleeping in the nude?"

"Malfoy!"

"Fine. Fine. Here" Draco pulled the shirt he was wearing off and handed it to Hermione, still on the ground.

Hermione recoiled a little, was she so desperate that she was about to take the shirt directly off Draco's back? "Don't you have anything else?" She whined "I am sure you have a closet full of clothing!" she said beginning to get up and head in the direction of his room

"I said no one is allowed in there!" Draco raised his voice, and pulled Hermione from the direction of the door and consequently into his arms. Hermione blushed. Draco had such a nice body. Muscled and toned, and the little bit of stubble on his chin tickled her forehead. Draco was taken aback. He felt Hermione's heart beat, fluttering under her robes. It had been so long since he had heard another person's heartbeat that wasn't his own, and didn't want to let Hermione go.

After a very long and awkward hug, Draco and Hermione stepped back from each other. "Like I said" Draco continued "This shirt is the best you're gonna get, Princess". Then Draco adjusted his sweatpants and strutted back to his room, leaving a dazed Hermione by herself, in the living room.

Once the door was closed Draco let out a deep breath, and wiped his brow. He couldn't believe Hermione almost saw all of the portraits of her. Hanging around his room. "Lumos!" He said, and began to tear down the painting, shoving them into a heap. He was determined to keep the little mudblood around and wouldn't go scaring her off with damned portraits.

He stopped at one though. It was just of Hermione's face, her wide smile. Her beautiful brown eyes, and her tongue subtly flicked out from between her teeth. He loved that picture. But then again, now he saw Hermione every day. And now she was talking to him. And in his house. And with that, he tore the picture down.

### **Chapter 3: A new found interest**

Hermione woke the next morning with a start. She was drenched in sweat, and her hands were coiled into fists. She'd dreamed about Ron again. How she'd just barely escaped from the bed she was tied to. Her bed! She could still feel the cold blade of the knife as he stroked her cheek with it, not hard enough to draw blood. He had wanted to see her squirm, see as she fought him. He really was out of his mind.

She just breathed, she knew he couldn't harm her now, Draco wouldn't let it. Wait where did that thought come from? Of course Draco would let it. Hermione shook her head and slid out of her covers onto the floor. She was still panting when she heard Draco Knocking

"Is it safe to come in?" His smooth voice chimed

"Yes" she said, still in a heap on the floor.

Draco strided over to Hermione, giving her a sarcastic look of pity

"Well if you are going to be staying here, you'll need some clothes. Why don't we quickly swing by your house and pick up some of the rubble. Hmm" Draco appeared lost in thought

"Actually" He continued "I would rather buy you new things, if you are going to be around me, I am going to need you to look socially acceptable"

Hermione scowled at him "I am perfectly fine with getting my own clothes!"

Draco pulled Hermione up by the arms forcefully, making her look him in the eyes

"Remember, I am housing you by the goodness of my heart, don't you go forgetting that!"

Hermione whimpered and Draco's expression softened "I am just gonna dress you in some pretty clothes that's all, pet" he said, and stroked her hair

Hermione was speechless, again in Draco's arms. "Well maybe this won't be so bad" she thought to herself "Atleast this way I won't have to go back to the place I was nearly murdered"

She breathed in Draco's smell, He smelled good. Like Spearmint toothpaste. It was a nice smell, a clean smell. The last time she was close enough to smell somebody, it was Ron, and he smelt like alcohol and someone else's perfume.

Draco fought the urge to run his fingers up and down Hermione's sides, push her down on the bed... and kiss her. Huh, that's a strange thought. He didn't want to defile her, just kiss her. He looked down at the witch in his arms and abruptly ended the hug.

"Well let's get going" He said sheepishly and turned away from Hermione

"Um, earth to Malfoy, I don't have anything to wear"

Draco smirked.

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"I am not going out in this I look like a complete bus wreck!" Hermione whined

"Oh you do not, that dress is my mother's!" Draco laughed

"Well I just happen to be quite a bit younger than your mother!"

"Oh you look fine! Besides I think black is rather becoming on you" He tried to hold back giggles.

Hermione Granger looked ridiculous in his mother's old robes, but alluring at the same time. Draco patted her head, and began to lead her toward the door, and she begrudgingly followed.

"This time last week, I wouldn't be out in somebody else's robes, just to be dressed like their plaything!" Hermione snorted

"Well last week, you didn't have someone looking for your pathetic muggle blood" He shot back

Hermione started to reach for her wand, but Draco stopped her, pushing her against the wall

"You try anything on me, and i'll-

"What?! You'll what Draco Malfoy?"

"I'll spank you, until you can't feel your sore arse anymore"

Hermione's face flushed and her words turned to stammers. Draco sneered and put his arm around the girl. This was going to be a fun shopping trip.



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"Try this on"

"Merlin no!"

"Come on Hermione, it'll look so sexy"

Hermione poked her head out of the dressing room to glare at Draco who was holding up a crop top.

"It's made of the finest silk! Come on. You'll love it" He waved it in her face

"I am no Harlot"

"Never said you were, now amuse me"

"Fine if it'll get us out of here quicker, I hate shopping!"

They'd already found a stack of clothes that Draco insisted Hermione get, but of course, they couldn't leave the blasted shop until she tried something ridiculous on for him.

Hermione slid the top over her pert breasts and half of her stomach then walked out of the dressing room. Draco's mouth gaped. He fought with his body trying to stop an erection from forming. Gods, he wanted to push her into that dressing room and fuck her. Tear that little crop top off of her, fuck her till she begs him to stop. Then he saw her eyes, and the embarrassment and his demeanor softened. Why was this happening? Was looking into Granger's eyes really such kryponite for him?

"Fine go take it off" He said and Hermione quickly rushed back in the changing room.

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The clothes could barely all fit in the closet, but with some delicate arranging, Draco and Hermione got them stuffed in. Hermione changed into some comfortable clothes, and went to reading. Draco retreated to his room. He had been waiting to relieve himself, since that morning. He flopped on his bed, yanked down his boxers, and began stroking. He tried imagining Hermione on her hands and knees, being fucked by him. But all he could imagine was Hermione screaming in agony as Ron tried to cut into her. Then he thought about her smile. Gods, what was happening to him?

Then he had an idea.

Draco knocked on Hermione's door gently and Hermione answered it book in one hand.

"We need not just to keep you safe here, we have to make sure Ron Weasley can never hurt you or any other mud- muggle born again"

Hermione's eyes widened "Um Draco..." Then she smiled "You really are a nice person"

A strange reaction happened inside of Draco Malfoy. His heart raced, his stomach filled with

butterflies, and also nausea. He smiled back though

"Yeah" He said trying to wipe the stupid grin off of his face "I want you safe"

Hermione hugged him, really hugged him. And he found himself hugging her back, only tighter, drawing little circles on her back with his index finger and thumb. After realizing what was happening to him, he pushed her away "Well, Goodnight"

Then Draco ran back to his room, leaving a confused Hermione in the doorway of her own room. She just shrugged and went back to reading.

"Good" Draco thought "The sooner, we can get rid of Ron, the sooner I can get pleasure from these fantasies again. Only this time make them a reality." Draco couldn't bare to think of anyone but himself fuckng Hermione, so the sooner he got Ron in Azkaban or killed him, he could have Hermione all to himself. No one getting in the way of his fantasies. Because he didn't want to hurt Granger. Just keep her as his own, and fuck her every night. He couldn't do that while she was too busy being scared of Ron finding her. He didn't want her to think of that little weasle at all.

Hermione couldn't focus on her book. She kept thinking of Draco, his pretty eyes, his toned body. She shivered a little and bit her lip. She wasn't starting to like him, was she?

#### **Chapter 4: Dreams**

"Say my name, mudblood"

Draco caressed his hand down Hermione's face, holding her chin, still wet from tears. Hermione remained silent "She's a real fighter" he thought, and brought his hand down hard on the witch's backside, making her squirm in the chains she was in. Her hands were chained above her head, attached to the ceiling, her feet dangling, just about to touch the floor, but not quite.

Draco took a step back to marvel at her body. Sure she was a little bruised from getting into her chains, but her slender figure with her nice perky tits and rounded ass was impeccable. Draco reached his hand out to her breast squeezing it and playing with it. Then his fingers centered in on her nipple, pinching it, hard.

"Say my name, Mudblood!" Draco shouted pinching Hermione's nipple.

Silence

This was infuriating, why couldn't she just say something, anything? He popped her on the ass again, but this time drew his fingers to her little pink pussy. She was wet, Draco smirked.

"This turns you on, eh, Mudblood" and he slipped a finger inside of her.

Draco pumped his finger causing Hermione to involuntarily moan, then he withdrew his fingers and unhooked Hermione from her chains. Just briefly though. He then grabbed her by her neck and threw her on his bed, forcing her legs apart, exposing herself fully to him. He pulled her to his face, and pressed his tongue on her clit, drawing little circles, relishing in the fact that she was overcome with pleasure, and there was nothing she could do to stop him

"Oh Draco, keep going!" Hermione finally spoke.

"I told you to call me Sir" Draco said, another firm smack on the rear. This one left a mark.

Hermione whimpered, and tried to force his head back down between her legs

"Uh uh" Draco said "You want the sweet release, well you're gonna have to earn it"

Draco then positioned himself so his cock was directly in front of Hermione's face

"Go slowly" He directed

And Hermione began to kiss the head of Draco's cock, recoiling a little at the precum, but lapped at the length, then began to push it in her mouth.

"I said slowly!" Draco withdrew his cock from her mouth, and place his thumb firmly on her climb, pressing it hard, causing Hermione to jump with pain and pleasure. He then pushed Hermione over so that her ass was in the air, and her pussy was open to him. He smacked both, then forced his cock inside of her, pumping furiously.

"You like that?"

"Yes... Sir"

"I don't believe you, Mudblood!" He cackled then pumped faster

Hermione was screaming with pleasure at this point and when she thought she couldn't physically experience anymore, Draco began to rub her clit, soft slow circles.

"I'm gonna cum" The witch gasped

"Me too!" Draco said, and held her hips firmly unloading his fertile seed inside of her, causing her to cum uncontrollably as well, since his finger was still rubbing her clit.

Draco looked at his satisfied witch, then began to notice something, she was bleeding. Her wrists up to her arms had blood all over them. And he stomach had a slit down it.

"He's gonna kill me Draco, Help"

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Draco woke with a start. What in Merlin's name was that all about, he was having a wonderful dream then it turned so dark. And not his favorite kind of Masochist dark. The first words that popped into his mind though, were

"I need to check on Hermione"

And without even questioning his quick loving nature, he rolled out of bed and rushed to the quest room housing his favorite little muggle born. He opened her door quietly, so that she wouldn't wake and breathed out a sigh of relief when he found her asleep, calm and probably in a dream. He wondered what she dreamed about, maybe he would ask her.

Draco sat next to Hermione on the bed, and stroked her hair. She was so peaceful when she slept. It was a little strange being so close to Hermione Granger without her spouting out facts, arguing, or throwing death threats his way. And he kind of liked it. The sun began to rise behind Hermione's curtain, and Draco took one last look at the witch before leaving her to wake up on her own. He made a mental note to himself

Watch Hermione sleep more often

Draco waited for Hermione in the living room once he heard her stir. He then lifted his eyes to see the witch stretch and yawn stumbled out of the bedroom. "Goodmorning, Draco" She said sleepily. Gods, she was so sexy when she slurred a little. "Good morning Hermione" He said and invited her to sit next to him "Well today's a big day" He said pulling her close to him.

"Why's that?"

"We are going to attempt to locate Ron"

Hermione shot up, wand at the ready. Gods, did she have to be so hostal all the time?

"Hermione! Put the wand down"

"Sorry" She sighed "Reflex" then placed her wand back in her pocket.

"I have a few ideas, and I doubt we'll find him today, we just need to scope out the area. You know, see what we're working with". He didn't say outloud the reason he mainly wanted to kill Ron was that he wanted his perverted fantasies to stop involving him.

"Okay" Hermione said reluctantly "But you will lead the way"

"Of course, your majesty" He said, faking a bow

"Hey now" Hermione said wrinkling her forehead

Wait wasn't there something Draco wanted to ask her? Oh yeah!

"Hermione, what do you dream about?"

"Subtle change of conversation" She smirked

"I want to know"

"Well, I don't remember my dreams a lot of the time, honestly, but the ones I do remember usually involve me either running for my life or something a lot more pleasant"

"Tell me about the pleasant ones"

Hermione sat down, staring into space "I dream pretty abstractly. I dream of chilly weather with big blankets and warm fires. Long novels and singing birds. Having someone beside me" She blushed and Draco didn't pry. Those dreams did sound extremely pleasant.

"Ever dream about your parents?"

Hermione's eyes swelled with the brink of tears just thinking about it "Yes. Sometimes" She wiped her eyes "My mother and Father passed away"

Draco patted Hermione's back as her breaths became shorter "But that's not the right word. Ron killed them" Hermione began to sob, pressing her face into Draco's chest. Draco didn't know what to do. He wasn't expecting that answer so he just held her "You don't need to tell me what happened if you don't want to"

"Its okay" Hermione said wiping her eyes "He didn't mean to kill them, he meant to kill me. We were visiting them, and he had started taking samples of my blood while I slept. And my parents caught him one night, when he was taking a rather large sample of my blood, and he used the killing curse on them. As you can imagine I left him soon after that."

Draco just pressed Hermione's head into him. He didn't know what he was feeling, but he knew he needed to protect Hermione. And that Ron was dead the moment he found him. He was going to drain the life from that little weasle if it was the last thing he ever did.

## **Chapter 5: Looking for Danger**

The morning hadn't exactly been off to a great start, after Hermione had finished crying she abruptly got up and dressed. Her eyes looked glazed over, a look that chilled Draco to his very core. He could handle her when she was snooty, he knew what to do when she was angry, but now he couldn't detect any emotion at all. He mentally kicked himself for bringing up her parents.

Hermione walked directly towards the front door. "You coming?" She said in Draco's direction but not looking at him. He just got up from his place on the sofa where he had waited for her to dress, and walked over to her. "Hermione. You know it is winter right?" He tried to make his voice sound warm, but he couldn't help but notice that Hermione was wearing a knee length dress, and sandals, her hair tied into a tight bun.

"Where we're going, it won't matter what season it is" and Hermione walked right out of the door, leaving Draco to catch it with his hand before it closed him off from her completely. The witch walked fast, her sandals clicking on the pavement, Draco hurried behind her. "Hermione, slow down!" Draco chattered his teeth, whether Hermione could feel it or not, the temperature was dropping rapidly.

The continued to walk like that for what seemed like hours, Hermione stomping ahead of Draco and Draco struggling to keep up. What was most frustrating was that she wouldn't answer him. He tried everything "Earth to Hermione", "Hey Hermione" "Slow down" "Hey Mudblood". Nothing.

Hermione then stopped abruptly, causing Draco to knock into her

"What the hell, Hermione"

"Shush" Hermione quickly turned around looking Draco directly in the eyes, wand pointed at his throat "Lower your voice or I will silence you" she said starting to whisper

Draco lowered his voice "Where are we?"

"This is my house... Or what is left of it" Hermione sniffled, and the sudden show of emotion made Draco breath a sigh of relief, even if it was sadness. "Why are we here?" He asked

"This was the last place I saw Ron, if there are any clues of his location now, we should start here. But keep quiet, I don't know who around here is part of Ron's group... or if there is anyone still inside my house"

"Hermione" Draco started a little louder than he should have then caught her glare and lowered his voice "This is proposterous Hermione. No one will be in there, besides you said the people with Ron wore dark cloaks right? They should be easy to point out, if they are in fact around here"

Hermione took a step closer to Draco and whispered in the scariest tone he had ever heard come out of her mouth "You wouldn't know anything. I have no family, no friends, no nothing, all because of Ron. You wanna know the sick part?" Hermione drew Draco's face into hers, so close he could smell the strawberry muffin she'd eaten for breakfast still on her breath "I found a way to reverse the curse, my parents remembered who I was, and I didn't even get a full day with them before he killed them" Her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled "They looked at me, while they died, their eyes begging for help. So don't you dare tell me to relax or see reason other than utmost caution, do I make myself. Crystal. Clear"

Draco's eyes widened and he nodded his head rapidly. Who knew Hermione could be so damn frightening when she wanted. However, as shameful as it seemed, it riled Draco up a bit. He kind of liked her taking control. He shook his head, this was no time to relish in fantasies of perversion, even if he had been watching her tight little ass wiggling in front of him while he followed her for the past Merlin knows how long.

Hermione took a deep breath "I'm sorry Draco" she said, her face stained with tears "I am just really... really beyond scared". He could see her hands shaking and out of sheer instinct took them in his hands. "You'll be okay, Hermione, nothing will hurt you, I am right here". Hermione embraced him tightly, and he did so back, his heart beat increasing as the witch withdrew from him.

"Ready to go inside, Draco?"

"After you" Draco sarcastically gave a gentlemanly bow to the door of Hermione's house.

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The wreckage was worse than either of them had suspected. And the stench just about knocked them over. It smelled like onions and blood... and cat hair. "Where do we even began" Draco asked clutching his nose "Well first" Hermione started "Emaculate!" she waved her wand in the air and the stench subsided, replacing it with the smell of roses and a hint of mint.

"I think we should first check my roo... actually Draco, you check my room I can't bare to go back in there right now"

"Back in there" He thought, "That must have been where Hermione was tortured". Shivers ran down his spine with that thought and he nodded at the timid witch next to him.

"I will check the bathroom adjacent from my room, and we will work from there. Take anything you might believe will lead us toward Ron. Any clues. Anything, You'd be surprised what a seemingly little piece of evidence could lead you to". And with that she entered the bathroom.

Draco assumed Hermione's Bedroom must've been the door beside it and entered. He tried to keep his composure about him, but upon entering, every bit of it flew out the window. The sight was one out of a horror movie.

There was blood. Everywhere. The bed was soaked with what looked like someone had bled within an inch of their life. The window above the bed was broken and shards of glass were all over the bed and around the floor. Draco wanted to gag, cry, his body was giving him at least 8 different commands at once, and it took every ounce of sanity he had not to double over on the floor and pass out.

He then saw something that made him gasp loudly. He had chills everywhere and he could feel a heat rising in his stomach. On the wall, there was a message. Written in blood. It read.

Dirty Blood, of whose becoming

Beneath our feet but loudly humming

Take away the sins of veins

And let the true wizards rise again

Draco needed to get out of there. He was going to be sick, he started to rush to the bathroom, but slipped on something. It looked like a spare bit of parchment. He scooped it into his pocket, and ran into the bathroom. But no Hermione.

"Hermione?" He called, "Hermione!"

He then heard a blood curdling scream come from the kitchen and ran in wand at the ready to attack anyone who even got near the girl he loved. Wait. What was that? Before Draco could get all the way in the kitchen the thought hit him. Did he love Hermione? No time for that now! He decided and readied himself for attack.

"Whoever's here prepare to feel the worst pain you've ever felt in your life, I will drown you in your own demons and feast upon-"

"Draco, Draco! Stop!" Hermione said, giggling, but back turned to him

Draco stood there dumbfounded, wand dropped to his side. "I-I-I heard you screaming Hermione.. wha-wha-"

"It's Crookshanks!" Hermione yelled with joy an old cat bundled up in her arms.

"Damn you Hermione! You scared the piss outta me!"

"I'm sorry Draco, but look! I do have someone who loves me! I do have part of my family!" Hermione nuzzled her face into the cat's worn fur.

Draco couldn't help but smile. He hadn't seen one of Hermione's big, joyful smiles in months, and it warmed him. He drew her into him. "Hermione we can't stay here, bring your kitty and come back with me. I found somethings that I need to tell you".

Hermione nodded, and they started the cold walk home.

---

"Hey Draco" Hermione started, brushing beside him for warmth as they walked "Weren't there some chores you wanted me to do?"

Oh yeah! Well he had originally planned on just keeping Hermione there, maybe chained up once she fell asleep for the first time, make her "Chores" be some of the down below kind. But he'd had a change of heart, and now they had more pressing matters to attend to.

"Well" He began "I have actually enjoyed your company for the past day or so, and it has been a while since I have shared my place with somebody, so for now, granted you don't annoy me, you can stay with me. Chore free. For now" He raised an eyebrow at her "But also, control your bloody beast, I don't want him crapping on my polished floors"

"I don't want him crapping all over my polished floors" Hermione stuck her tongue out and mocked him

"Hermione Granger! Did you just mock me?" Draco chuckled. He kind of liked this feeling that arose inside of him. Maybe he did love Hermione. Granted he also wanted to tear her apart.

Hermione just laughed, grinning up at him snuggling her "Bloody beast closer".

They stopped just outside Draco's house. They turned to each other, they were so close Hermione could pick out the different colors in Draco's eyes. They stared at each other for what seemed like a lifetime. This was it, Draco thought, and leaned in. Hermione blushed and didn't stop him. They both then heard a sharp Meow as Crookshanks hissed at Draco, showing his teeth. They both stopped and looked at each other.

"So you found something?" Hermione said, tucking her hair behind her ears

"Yes" Draco sighed. Hermione wasn't going to like this. Especially since he knew exactly what it meant.

---

They entered his living room, flopping down on the couches snuggling within the blankets for warmth

"So Dragon Boy, whaddya find?" Hermione still playful. But her demeanor changed when she could see Draco wasn't laughing. "So ahem, what did you find?"

"Hermione. How much of your room can you remember"

She dropped her head "Not much. I just remember blood. And pain"



Draco wanted so badly to comfort her, hold her, but he kept his distance "Did you remember seeing writing on the wall?"

Hermione gave him a quizative look "I think so.. Something about dirty blood... Don't know what it means though"

Draco grimaced "I do"

Hermione wrinkled her brow "How...."

Draco looked up at her " Dirty blood of those becomming, beneath our feet but loudly humming, take away the sins of veins and let the true wizards rise again. It was a death eater chant. It is only written after a life of a muggle born is taken... this means Ron.. or someone in his group has killed a muggle born"

Hermione stared at him hard, then rushed into his arms. Draco grabbed the witch holding her close, petting her head.

"This isn't fair!" Hermione yelled into his chest "Why us? What did we ever do!" Her fists clenched.

Draco buried his face in Hermione's hair, remembering all the times as a child he would taunt her for being muggle born.He mentally kicked himself for it.

"I don't know exactly what this means" Draco began "But I do know that whatever this plot your ex-boyfriend has against you goes deeper than just killing you to form his concoction. This also means that most likely it isn't just muggle born's who are in danger. Muggles themselves. The whole muggle world." Draco paused rubbing Hermione's back "He is probably making a potion of some sort, to do exactly as you said. But there could be another part to this. Did you ever read about the Wizard World War of 1827?"

Hermione nodded

"Then you know, that wizards with the ideals of Ron tried to wipe out the entire muggle specie. They failed of course, but it has been years and years since that happened , they might have perfected the way. And as you probably remember, that's how the war started. That encantation written in every home that a muggle born was killed."

"We have to stop him" Hermione whimpered

"We will" Draco said releasing her a little to stroke her cheek. But on the inside he highly doubted it could be done. The only thing that stopped the wipe out of the entire muggle specie, including muggle borns and even half-bloods was the white angel amulet. And as far as he knew, that went missing back in 1834, the year the war ended. And even if they did get ahold of it, what would they do with it. The books he read on the subject had little to no knowledge of the amulets true powers.

---

Night fell with Hermione and Draco on the couch. They tried to calm their buzzing minds with some television, but every noise they heard made them jump. Causing Hermione to call it an early night at 9:00 pm.

"I just need some sleep" She weakly smiled

"I will walk you to your room" Draco said, holding her hand

Hermione scooped up her cat in her other hand and went to her room. Draco waited until she was fully in bed before saying goodnight.

He walked over to her. "Goodnight Hermione, I am right down the hall if you need-

"Draco...?"

"Yes?"

"Can you stay here tonight with me?"

Draco looked at the bloody uncomfortable looking chair next to the bed that Hermione probably meant for him to sleep in

"Well that is going to be a damn menace on my neck tomorrow morning, but I don't mind-

"No.. not the chair... In bed.. with me"

Draco blushed "Of course Hermione".

He climbed in bed with her, and she put a pillow between them so that he wouldn't get any ideas, just the thought of him beside her, soothed her thoughts enough for her to fall asleep.

Draco couldn't sleep though, he kept rolling over to check on Hermione. And at 2:00 in the morning, sleep still evading him, he rolled on his back, stared at the ceiling and thought to himself "I am in love with Hermione Granger".

## **Chapter 6: Helpless**

Hermione didn't remember waking up. All she felt was a tightness around her neck, and what must've been rope around her wrists, as it hurt to move them. She blinked her eyes open and saw him, Draco Malfoy.

"Good Morning, Pet" The blonde boy sneered

Hermione tried to speak, or even open her mouth, but the ball gag in it prevented her from doing so. She struggled in her restraints as it had become pretty clear to her she was attached to a bed. Maybe she could get free.

"I wouldn't even try it if I were you" Draco said, running his fingers down her face, stopping at her neck, grasping it "I think it's about time you paid back what you owe". Hermione's eyes widened. These surely weren't the chores Draco had been talking about when she first came to him. Her eyes filled with tears

"Yummy girl" He said, licking the tears off of her cheeks. Then he slapped her across her face,

hard. "How dare you make me fall in love with you?" He yelled holding her face distressingly close to his. "I am not some lap dog, yet that's how you treat me, you fucking whore. Why am I even helping you?" He threw her head back down, causing her to gasp.

"Well let's see what the princess wants to say to me" Draco said as he pulled the ball gag from her mouth. Hermione huffed out of breath

"How could you do this!" She wailed "I trusted you!"

"Mistake number 1" He said beginning to pace

"I was planning on fucking you every night since you fell down at my door, begging me for help. ME! Of all people" He laughed "And I almost had a change of heart because of you! I could never love a pathetic little mudblood like yourself, I hope Ron gets exactly what he's after"

Hermione sobbed, her mouth open and tears making her choke. Draco looked at her, his heart screaming at him to stop but his mind was aroused, so was his cock in his jeans. "Tell me you don't think about the weasle! Tell me!"

"The only person I have been thinking about is you, Draco!" Hermione screamed

He punched her, hard leaving her eye to swell to twice it's size "Liar" He spat. "Well all you're gonna be thinking about is me!". He pulled out his wand, and ran it down Hermione's body. "Every time I was scared of you, or every time you thought you had any power over me, it's me! Draco Malfoy! Why don't you go run to Saint Potter!"

Hermione sobbed "He hates me! I was truly desperate when I came to you looking for help! But you're strong! And smart you could help me!"

Draco took a step back, was this really how he wanted to take Hermione? He shook his head. He wasn't going to let her have any more power over him. "Imperio!" He yelled, and Hermione stopped crying.

"You are going to stay still"

Hermione stopped struggling

Draco unbound her from her restraints "Now get on your knees"

Hermione slumped down onto her knees, Draco could see the contempt in her eyes, but she didn't have control anymore. It was him, all him.

"Now take my throbbing cock out of my pants" He instructed, Hermione did as she was told

"Now suck it".

Hermione took his entire length entire her mouth gagging as Draco told her to take it deeper. Draco thrust into her mouth, but couldn't find himself gaining any pleasure from the act. He fucked her face harder. He cursed under his breath

"On your hands and knees bitch!" He yelled, pushing her down onto the floor

He slapped her ass, again and again leaving purple-ish welts where her soft plump skin had been. He lined his cock up with her entrance and slammed his way in. Blood went everywhere as he forcefully took her virginity. Draco winced. He didn't know she was a virgin. But he couldn't let that have power over him. No more would the mudblood have any control over him.

He thrust in and out of her pussy, relishing in the warmth and tightness. He grasped onto her ass as he was getting close to cumming and released inside of her, filling the witch up with semen. He watched as it began to spill out of her.

Draco pulled out, and Hermione fell to a heap on the floor.

Draco wanted to feel triumph or at the very least pleased, but as he looked at the girl, who was in a pile, obviously in pain, his heart hurt. And he released her from the curse.

He waited for Hermione to move, to do anything. But she didn't, she just stayed in a heap and cried. She crawled onto her hands and knees moving up to being completely on her feet then she took a step in Draco's direction, trying to say something, anything, but the words wouldn't come out.

Remorse washed over Draco's body, and he tried to go and comfort Hermione, tell her he was sorry, but what could he really do. He was the one who'd hurt her. When she had come to him for help.

Hermione limped from his bedroom to the front door, looking back at him with her one good eye

"Hermione wait!-

"I am never trusting anyone again" and with that she walked out, alone into the cold winter morning.

## **Chapter 7: Remembrance**

Hermione woke with a start, gasping catching her breath as she shot up in her bed. No tie downs, no bruises, she was okay. She looked over at a sleeping Draco beside her, then at the clock. 5:21 AM. She sighed and got up, maybe a cold shower would help her shake off her night terror.

The cold water felt good as it poured down over her hair, and into her face. Hermione ran her fingers down her body, making her peach fuzz stand up. She wanted to feel anything that reminded her that she was awake. Usually when she had those dreams, different people took the main torturer. Sometimes it was Harry, most of the time it was Ron, on occasion it was Snape, and even once McGonagall. She snickered at that dream. Truly ridiculous.

She decided she needed to tell Draco everything that had been going on for the last little while. She had shown up at his house out of the blue and demanded he house her after all. Hermione grimaced when she thought of what had happened between her and Harry. The one person she felt she could come to in her time of need.

It was shortly after she'd broke it off with Ron that she came to Harry for comfort. She

remembered knocking on his door, but Ginny answering it. The look in her eyes was one of pure anger. The words she'd spoken to Hermione still prominent in her mind "So my brother wasn't good enough for you, huh, Granger, now you want my man?". Hermione had tried to tell her she just wanted to speak to Harry, she had no intention of making any moves. But the door was slammed in her face before she could even get a sentence out.

Harry had come to Hermione's house a few days later, and asked what was happening. Hermione told him the truth. Ron had killed her parents, and was taking her blood. Harry believed that Ron had killed her parents. Ron had told him so, but made it seem to Harry that it was just an unfortunate accident. Hermione supposed Harry didn't have a lot of sympathy for those who didn't have parents anymore, since he could barely remember his, but he didn't have to shake his head like she was insane then leave.

The last words out of his mouth were "You know Hermione, I work with some really excellent people, maybe some of them can help you". Then he'd floo'd off. She never saw him again. Hermione supposed he either hated her or thought she was crazy. Seemed like both.

No wonder she had trouble trusting people.

"Hermione?" a knock came on the bathroom door. Hermione looked at the clock. 7:15. Merlin! How long had she been in that shower. She quickly hopped out and wrapped a towel around her waist. "Sorry" She huffed opening the door.

Draco's face turned red as he noticed her breasts completely uncovered. He tried to fight an erection from forming in his night shorts. "Uhm Hermione". Hermione looked down. "Oh! Fuck!" She quickly covered herself with her arms and slammed the bathroom door.

Once Hermione had herself fully covered in a bathrobe she emerged from the bathroom, her face still a little flushed from the incident. She saw Draco sitting on her bed waiting for her.

"So Hermione, want to tell me why you ran out of bed at 5 in the morning?"

Great. He'd noticed.

"Bad dream" She said quietly

"You know" Draco said, his eyes cutting into her "Whenever I would have bad dreams my mother would tell me to let it out, and tell her. Always made me feel better"

"You just wanna hear my suffering"

"Hah" He snickered "Now why don't you tell me?"

"I dreamt that you had hurt me" Hermione sat on the bed beside him, but didn't make eye contact

"Oh yes, did the dream involve you being tied down and me raping you?"

Hermione shot up from the bed and looked down at Draco "How did you know?"

"Wild guess" Draco Sneered "Actually you were talking in your sleep. It sounded like a pretty

good dream until you starting crying"

"And you didn't think to wake me up?"

"I fell asleep!"

"You know, a dream can be a wish the heart makes"

"I don't know if I believe that" Hermione sat back down "In fact ever since this thing with Ron has been going on, I have had those dreams a lot, with different people torturing me"

Draco looked sympathetic "Sounds like you blame yourself a lot for this"

"Ooooh Mr. Philosopher, tell me more about my inner self"

Draco pushed her a little "You said something about Potter hating you? What's that about. Saint Potter"

Hermione cringed

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"I am going to kill him!" Draco yelled

"No! No you're not!" Hermione held his arm back

"How dare he say those things to you! He knows about the wizzarding war! He is turning into... well a past me!"

"A past you?"

Draco looked over at Hermione and sighed "Well we're both adults now. And a lot of things I did as a kid/ teenager were sheerly because I wanted my father's approval."

"Well it's not like Harry's looking for that"

Draco tried to hold back a grin, seeing that Hermione was serious "Yes, but he is acting like old me. Stand offish, better than everyone else. He should've been a slythern. Tell you that much"

Hermione patted Draco's back "Why did you change"

"Well I didn't change completely" Draco thought back to relishing in Hermione's sleep talking, stroking himself to it, getting off on her cries of helplessness "I just learned to keep some shit to myself".

"Oh yeah, how so?"

"You sure do have a lot of questions" Draco ran his hand through his hair "I am just not so forward with being a dick. I actually want to have friends now. But the wizzarding world is small. Everyone knows of me. It's a lonely life being someone that no one likes with an obsession-Ahem..."

"I like you, Draco" Hermione smiled up at the blonde boy, and he couldn't help but blush "Well, you would be the first"

"Well I sure as hell won't be the last, I think that Crookshanks likes you too!" Hermione looked around the room "Where is Crookshanks?"

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"Crookshanks!" Hermione yelled walking around Draco's house, shaking a tuna can  
"Crookshanks!"

Sometimes it was hard for Draco to believe his life. The girl he was obsessed with was in his house, trusting him, and she was the one with the perverted dreams, trauma induced or not. He watched her arse bounce as she walked. Oh he was going to fuck that. Just after Weasle-bee was taken care of.

Hermione screamed, and Draco came rushing to the kitchen

"Mione you don't need to do that every time you find your ca- HOLY FUCKING JESUS CHRIST WHAT IS THAT"

Draco and Hermione looked at a blood spattered message drawn on his kitchen wall

Ever want to see your cat again?

Meet me at 12 midnight. You know where.

Come alone.

Hermione ran into Draco's arms. "It's Ron! He's found me!"

Draco petted Hermione's head "It's okay, it's okay we'll get Crookshanks back!"

Hermione looked up at him with tears in her eyes

"I promise".

## **Chapter 8: A date with death**

Hermione and Draco readied the arsonel. Hermione had her wand, a vile of liquid luck, and hope. Draco had his wand, some new spells he briefly brushed up on, and a sinking feeling in his stomach. Was he really about to let Hermione lead him to what might as well be his death?

"It's now or never" Draco sighed as the clock hit 11:30 Pm. Hermione nodded, and tucked her wand into her pocket. They approached the front door, and found the cold air filling their lungs upon opening it. Hermione let off a little shiver, and draco grasped her arm out of instinct. He'd touched her before, but this time, Hermione looked up at him, Her brown eyes meeting his.

Draco felt a rush of adrenaline run through his body and before either of them could break eye contact, Draco gasped Hermione and kissed her. Hermione jumped a little at first, then eased into the kiss. Draco had his hands firmly on Hermione's face and Hermione wrapped her arms

around Draco's neck.

Hermione felt like she could do this, a weight was lifted off of her shoulders and she smiled up at Draco as he released her. "Nothing will hurt you Hermione" Draco said still maintaining eye contact. She looked just like his favorite picture of her. Soft smile, tongue peeking out of her mouth, and her eyes, lit up by the moonlight. But this was better. So much better.

Draco grasped Hermione's hand, and with that they began their cold journey to Hermione's house.

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Hermione quickly swallowed her vile of liquid luck. It was a graduation present from McGonagall, and she'd been saving it for a special occasion. Might as well be now, as there was a real possibility she wouldn't live to see sunlight.

When they saw Hermione's house Draco took a few steps back.

"Hermione, you'll need to enter first. If we have any chance at all it will be by taking them, however many they are by surprise."

Hermione noticeably shivered. And not from the cold

"I am right behind you. Where is that Gryffindor bravery?" Draco tried to crack a joke but it was clear Hermione wasn't having it

"Don't stay too far behind. Stay close enough to where you can hear me if I scream"

"I could hear you scream if I was on Mars" Draco muttered under his breath.

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Hermione entered the house. The smell didn't immediately make her want to vomit this time, but she still had a churning in her stomach. She knew where Ron wanted her to go, and could see by her illuminated bedroom, that however many lackies he'd brought with him were there as well. Hermione swallowed hard, and thought to herself "Well for what it's worth, I have lived a nice life" Then approached the room.

She hadn't taken two steps inside when she heard the unmistakable voice of Ron Weasley. "It's 12:01, Hermione, you're late" He spoke with an evil grin. Hermione scanned the room for her cat. This was obviously a trap, but if she was going to die, she wanted it to be snuggled up to the only family she had left.

"Sorry I couldn't make it on time Ronald, the snow made it particularly hard to walk"

Ron smirked. He was surrounded with at least ten cloaked figures and he beckoned her with a finger. "Don't worry, Mudblood, I am not just going to kill you, what's the fun in that? I want to watch you struggle. But that being said, I am nothing if not a man of honor, so have at me. Give me your best shot".

Ron's eyes seemed to cut through Hermione, and she shook at her core, she quickly whipped out her wand "Stup-



"Expelliarmus!" Ron yelled, Hermione's wand flying

"That's the best you got, Mudblood? Come on"

Hermione scrambled for her wand, but it was hard to see in the dimmed lights

"Maybe you'll try harder if it isn't just your life on the line"

One of the cloaked figures produced a shaked Crookshanks from what seemed like nothingness, and held him by his scruff. Ron twirled his wand around the kitty, not quite touching him with it. "Oh what a good little beastly you are." Ron scratched under his chin, causing the cat to turn his head away.

Hermione's hand brushed across her wand as she watched in horror, what was he going to do with her cat?!

"You know, even though I wanted it to be so, You aren't the first mudblood I've killed. Little Hufflepuff, just about to go into her 6th year. Whose blood did you think were all over your walls?"

"My walls?" Hermione thought. Did Ron not know she was staying with Draco? "Yes. My walls." Hermione stuttered trying desperately to give a good lie "Just had them painted". Ron grimaced and shook his head. What was she babbling on about?

"I bet you want to know how I found you..."

"Remember this?"

It was the lighth Dumbledore had given to him when they hunted for the horcruxes. "I still hear your voice. Beckoning for me, begging me to come and find you".

Draco stood outside of the room, his stomach felt sick with what he was hearing. He wanted to barge in right away, but contained himself. He needed to wait for the right time.

"Oh Hermione, how I will enjoy killing you" Ron snickered "But first". The cloaked men stepped aside and through a beaten bloody teenage girl in front of her, still wearing her hufflepuff scarf. The girl was obviously dead, and Hermione felt weak to her knees and tears welled up in her eyes.

Ron Burst out laughing "I wanna hear you scream, Mudblood, I wanna hear you scr-"

"Stupefy!" Draco's voice burst through the room and the spell hit Ron like an anvil, knocking him backwards into his cloaked friends. Draco Grasp Hermione's arm "Time to go!" He yelled as the cloaked figures started to rush them "But Crookshanks!" Hermione pulled free and ran to her cat. What was so damn special about the bloody beast anyway? Hermione grasped him and then Draco's hand speeding out of her old room.

The two ran, out onto the street, adrenaline pumping through their veins.

"Follow me!" Draco yelled, pulling Hermione in a different direction from the one they had come.

Draco dove into an old building, Hermione landing on top of him as they caught their breath. They watched as the cloaked men ran right by them without even noticing where they were.

Hermione snuggled her cat "I saw her-she was dead, they had done vicious things to her!" she sobbed into Draco's arms. Her held her tight "It's okay, they won't find us here. This building is invisible to outsiders. Unless you know where to look"

Hermione wailed "That's what he's going to do to me, Draco! He is going to kill me, and beat me, and rape me! I saw semen trickling out of the young girls mouth. I don't even know if she was alive when that was happening!".

Draco's mouth gaped. He hadn't seen much, and what he had seen was a blur. All he really remembered seeing was Hermione, then Ron, then Hermione, then Crookshanks, then Crookshanks with Hermione. It was obvious Hermione had gotten the worst of the sights.

"We'll leave tomorrow morning. Besides we are going to need to make our way to London pretty soon anyways"

"London?"

"What if I told you there might be a way to stop Ron?"

Hermione's eyes widened

## **Chapter 9: Habitual**

Hermione had finally drifted to sleep. Given, it was a little harder than usual because they were forced to sleep on stiff couches, and Hermione had begged Draco to stay up while she fell asleep. Draco reluctantly obliged but after about an hour or so of watching as Hermione couldn't quite get comfortable then finally fall sleep, riled him up a little bit. The way she moved made him bite his lip, and without even really thinking, he slipped his hand into his pants, and began to stroke.

Maybe if he relieved some stress, he could settle down to sleep too. His imagination receded into it's formerly dark areas of his mind, and found that he could imagine only Hermione when he jerked off. No more stupid Ron interrupting his fantasies.

And Draco's mind ran wild. He imagined her on top of him, while he coaxed her down onto his lap.

"Oh that's a good little mudblood" as he drew his fingers to her mouth

"Now show me how good you are at sucking" Imaginary Hermione looked a little bit reluctant but at the same time had sweet, sweet corruption in her eyes. He imagined her then getting to her knees because in this fantasy he had already trained her to be a good little slut. Just for him..

Draco stroked harder, feeling heat around his cock as he was getting ever closer to relief.

"Draco?"

Draco shot his hands up almost immediately

"Hermione! I thought you were asleep! Go back to bed!"

Hermione was sitting up right looking directly at him "What in Merlin's name are you doing? Pervert!"

The words shot through Draco's body. Pervert. He had been called lots of things in his day, Sadistic, Horrible, Death Eater, but surprisingly this was a new one. As the word processed in his brain he felt a kind of switch flip. As he realized that maybe he is.

"Bend over the couch" He instructed

"Draco Malfoy!"

"Now!" Draco grabbed her wrists and pulled her closer to him

He was so close to her that she could smell his breath as he whispered "I am going to show you, exactly who you belong to"

Hermione trembled a little bit, but almost in excitement. Draco silently vowed to himself that if he saw tears he would release her. Merlin, had just being around Hermione changed him so much?

Draco pulled her into a kiss, his mouth dominating hers, and his fingers closed around her throat. Hermione coughed a little bit, then Draco pulled her up. And with little resistance he bent her over the couch. His lust overtook him, and he yanked down her pants and panties, raising up his hand and landing it firmly on her ass. He smacked her again and again, his sexual drive increasing.

Hermione whimpered a little bit, and Draco dropped down on the ground behind her. He slowly parted her pussy lips and felt her virginal tightness as he slipped a finger inside of her. Already wet. Go figure. He brought his other hand to place his finger on her clit, beginning to massage it in circles. Hermione's body trembled and she finally had something to say when his tongue took over

"Fuck... Draco..."

This was almost too much for Draco to handle and pulled Hermione from the bed to her knees and forced open her mouth, immediately shoving his cock inside. She was his. Desperately his, and she wasn't fighting back. His little slave, to do what the fuck he pleased with. His thrusts didn't even start slow for her inexperienced mouth, he fucked her face hard, causing her to gag a little and tears form at her eyes. But not because she was sad.

After giving Hermione's mouth really what for, he pulled her up by the hair and pushed her against the wall. He positioned himself to where his cock head was brushing between her dampened lips, and he only whispered

"Now be a good little mudblood and take it"

Hermione's eyes widened as he thrust into her. She was a virgin afterall, and this gave Draco a

sense of accomplishment. He had deflowered the brightest witch, he had control over the great Hermione, the destroyer of Horcruxes. She was all his.

He pumed faster and Hermione moaned, Draco was really close to cumming, and bit into Hermione's neck, leaving a nice sized hickey. "Mine" He said, looking her in the eyes. Hermione's lip trembled but she whispered almost as if she was trying to hide it from herself "I'm I'm gonna cum!". Hermione's pussy wrapped around Draco's cock and as her body undulated, he lost control of himself and spewed inside of her.

The rest of that night was a blur.

---

Draco woke up to a sleeping witch next to him, the warmth from her naked body and the scent from her hair was a nice wake up call. He ran his fingers down her sides and over her naked breasts, pinching them a little bit.

He layed beside her for what seemed like an eternity basking in her ambience. Then everything changed.

Hermione just about jumped up off the couch upon her awakening

"How dare you!" She yelled, breaking Draco from his peaceful morning, and slapping him across the face

Draco got up and stood over her, trying to show her that he was in fact bigger than her "You know you wanted it. And this could have been such a pleasant morning if you hadn't decided to just verbally attack me"

"You? Attack you! You raped me!"

Draco looked at her stunned "You and I both know that isn't true!"

"And you imbecile, you came inside of me! What if I get pregnant, the contreception charm only work if it is immediately after intercourse"

"You came too!"

Hermione blushed "Well that.. that's irrelevant! You forced yourself on me, gods why do I even stick around you?!"

"Because you know I am the best you'll ever gonna have" Draco smirked and pulled her close to him , her demeanor changing a little bit. "You're mine. Get that? That means no one is ever going to hurt you" He took a pause and smacked her sharply on the rear "Well maybe within reason".

Hermione stared up at him, her face red. She couldn't consciously think the words but deep down she knew it. She really enjoyed that. "But I-I um"

"Can't even finish a sentence?" Draco cooed "Now why don't you get dressed, and then we can begin our journey to find the white angel amulet".

Hermione didn't say a word, just nodded her head, scooping up her clothes and hastily putting them on. With everything that had gone on that night she had barely remembered what she and Draco had talked about before the incident.

But she remembered now. The white angel amulet, it could do just about anything anyone desired. Put a stopper in death, cease an enemy from being able to touch you, and most importantly, when the wearer of the amulet was muggle born, the wearer could obliterate anything that could pose a threat to them and their blood.

Hermione shook her head. Maybe she had real feeling for Draco, and was content being his mudblood slave, atleast in the bedroom. But for now, her life was more important.

Draco stared at her the entire time she was getting dressed, wearing nothing but his underwear. "Haven't I put on enough of a show for you, you perve?" Hermione shot at him "Oh Hermione, enough of you is never enough" His grin spread from ear to ear

---

Aparating anywhere can be a little tough on the senses, but up in the mountains just adds cold to the unpleasantness.

Draco held Hermione as they arrived to the cottage. The snow was hailing down and they both had to push the door to finally force it open. But when they finally got to the safe haven, Draco explained what was going on and where they were.

It was Draco's family's Summer home, apparently the weather was quite pleasant in the warmer seasons, and this was a place they could stay undetected. It was also hidden by magic, that an owner of the house had to give someone else permission to see. They were going to stay there and go to the artifacts shop in the morning. They had books and books about the amulet, and how it could be obtained.

It would probably cost them an arm and a leg to purchase, but it was worth it to locate the one thing that might save Hermione.

"Lets wait until the snow lets up in the morning to venture out. Besides after evening, things become a little strange around here".

Hermione cuddled up to Draco on his couch as he lit a fire. She hadn't done a whole lot of talking since they had their discussion that morning, they had barely talked on the hike up to the cottage, but the words that came out of her mouth stunned Draco more than he could've imagined.

"Draco I think I am falling in love with you"

"I love you too Hermione"

## **Chapter 10: Just kiss me**

The clock read 12:01 AM, and Hermione was wide awake. Draco slept peacefully next to her, snoring a little bit and she tried to tell herself that was the reason she couldn't sleep. She knew the real reason though. With a bed as comfortable as this one, and a fire as warm as the one

that had been lit, she should have been able to fall asleep with no problems. Even with a snoring wizard next to her.

Hermione's stomach was full of butterflies, and her heart had been pounding ever since she and Draco had confessed their love for each other. She was scared. In fact she found it kind of ironic that the forceful sex wasn't what made her apprehensive to be around Draco, but the fact that he loved her.

She flashed back to her relationship with Ron. He had only told her he loved her twice, and it was almost always forced. Once was with Ron's family, Molly looking at him expectantly when Hermione said she loved him, the other at Harry and Ginny's Wedding.

It was an unsatisfactory relationship at best, and devastating at worst. Besides the fact that he did the ultimate betrayal of killing her parents, He was abusive too.

Ron hit Hermione when he was angry, and would take her wand. Once when he was drunk, he snapped it causing her to get a new one that never worked quite as well as the one that had originally chosen her.

Hermione shivered in the bed, causing Draco to stir a little bit and position himself with his arm around her.

She looked at him, his calm face, his relaxed expression, and his warmth radiated around her. Hermione mentally scolded herself for not enjoying this moment with him, but she couldn't help it.

It was going to take years off her life at the very least to find the white angel amulet, and that was the only sure fire way to save her life.

---

Hermione never remembered falling asleep, but she woke up to the sound of a shower going. Draco must've gotten up earlier than her. She looked at the clock. 11:00 AM. Hermione shot up in the bed, and practically jumped out of it. She needed to brush her hair, brush her teeth, get dressed, and without even thinking barged into the bathroom.

"Goodmorning, Pet" came the sneering voice of a wet haired blonde boy. Hermione whipped around covered her breasts out of sheer instinct.

"I thought we were past that 'Mione" Draco smirked still in the shower

"I-Well, you can't just expect me to outgrow an instinct on the second time I have seen you naked"

"Good point, you best to get accustomed to my body" Draco flexed, the muscles on the abdomen glistening with the water across it.

Hermione blushed and slipped off her panties, joining Draco in the shower.

The water felt great, warm and relaxing. It wasn't long after she had gotten her hair wet that Draco decided to take what was his though.

He reached out and grabbed her by the hair. "Don't scream". He positioned her to where her hands were pressed against the shower wall and forcefully thrust into her.

Draco's fingertips grasped onto his lover's throat leaving marks as he thrust

"Take it, pet" He groaned

Hermione was stunned, one minute she was asleep and comfortable, next minute she was being fucked like there was no tomorrow.

It felt great though. Draco was an expert at this and ran his tight grip down her body stopping at her ass, giving it a sharp spanking.

"Fucking little mudblood" He whispered, thrusting harder. Normally this would've bothered Hermione, but the feeling of his cock on her g-spot vanquished the words from her mind.

Draco then put his hand to the back of her head and pushed it firmly against the wall and he finished fucking her, groaning into his orgasm and triggering Hermione's as well.

Hermione collapsed in Draco's arms after the shower, and he wrapped a towel around her awkwardly and carried her to the bed.

---

After cuddling for a little while it was time to make a plan. Draco held Hermione and they could both hear the snow lightening up from its original hailing state.

"In a few minutes we will apparate to the consignment shop, then we will probably be hunting in old mines and abandoned caves" Draco said petting Hermione.

Hermione marveled at the fact that one moment Draco could mercilessly take her, then the next be so very affectionate. She wondered what had happened to cause this, and maybe when they weren't hunting for a way to save her life she would pursue that endeavor.

They both got dressed and headed out, the snow chilling them as they apparated to the shop.

It was a dusty little shop, looking like it had been abandoned at least a couple times. They entered with caution as the door frame was a little crooked and the door looked like a splinter fiesta.

Upon entering, they actually found it to be quite cozy. Hermione especially liked it. It reminded her of her old home, and how she would read in her attic sometimes, warmed by the rising smoke of the fire throughout her house.

"Dingy little place this is" Draco said wrinkling his nose

"Hey now, is that any way to make a first impression on someone you haven't seen in a long time?"

Hermione and Draco turned around and their mouths fell agape. It was Alastore Moody.

## Chapter 11: Pressure

Mr. Moody still had his wonky eye that seemed to follow Draco and Hermione. "So what can I do for you kids?" He said waddling over to them.

"What do you know of the White Angel Amulet?" Draco said trying to sound nonchalant

Moody was taken aback, and appeared to be contemplating something. "That's a silly thing to bring up, Mr. Malfoy, that amulet never existed. You'd have better luck finding bigfoot than that Amulet". Moody wiped a bit of sweat from his brow.

Hermione eyed him even though Draco was willing to take that as a perfect acceptable answer and leave this crazy looking fellow alone.

"Are you sure?" Hermione asked, seeing what she thought could've been nervousness in his expression.

"Of course I am you silly girl! Now if you aren't going to buy anything can I suggest that you leave?"

"You were so welcoming to us only a minute ago" Hermione pointed out

"That's when I thought you were a payin' customer, not some freak looking for fairy tales"

"Why you little-

"Hermione!" Draco said, grasping her arm. Hermione blushed.

Draco glared at Moody and looked him up and down before turning to his witch "Come on 'Mione, it's obvious he doesn't have anything for us."

They left with Moody watching them the entire time.

---

"He is hiding something I just know it!" Hermione raged once they'd arrived at the cottage "He knows more about that amulet than he is letting on!"

Draco eyed her "Well, it doesn't take a brain surgeon to figure that one out Hermione, but he is and always has been an unstable little git to say the least and I don't want you in his way when he decides to have an episode!"

"Yes, but we need that Amulet!"

"Look. We will get it. We will come in after hours tonight and search the place, that being said, he is a powerful wizard with some untraditional ways of inflicting punishment. He turned me into a bloody ferret!"

Hermione tried hard not to laugh at that as she was in no place to be cracking jokes. Once she'd regained her composure she said "Technically that was Barty Crouch Jr using polyjuice potion to transform into Moody"



Draco grasped the witches wrists and pulled her into him "Listen Hermione" He said, voice gruff "Barty Crouch Jr only turned into Moody because Moody was always an unstable little prat and Crouch could get away with doing things such as performing the killing curse in class because Crouch knew that it was perfectly plausible for Moody to be the one doing those things!"

Hermione gulped and pressed her head into Draco's shoulder.

"Draco, what am I going to do if I can't get that amulet?"

Blood rushed to Draco's face and without thinking he grasped Hermione's hands

"Run away with me Hermione. We can go anywhere, everywhere. Forget that bloody amulet, we are wizards and witches for Merlin's sake, we can keep Ron at bay our entire lives."

Hermione hugged Draco harder than she ever had before and tears began to well up in her eyes "I want so badly to say yes to that"

"Then do" Draco urged

"I just want Ron dead first"

Draco smirked "Oohooohoh, so the brightest witch has a dark side! Never thought I be hearing you wishing death on anyone, 'Mione"

"Come on, Draco. I need to do this. Or at least make sure Weasle-bee can't hurt anyone else"

Draco smiled wider. Did she just call Ron: Weasle-bee. Maybe he was rubbing off on her. Maybe even while he was rubbing off inside of her.

"Alright" Draco said "We'll look at Alastore's place tonight" He grimaced "Are you sure you want to do this Hermione?"

"Yes" Hermione said, her dignity rising and Draco looked her up and down. Maybe she wasn't the most rational of witches, but she sure was hot when she tried to take control.

---

The store looked even creepier at night than during the day Draco thought. Then his attention turned to Hermione. She was looking up and down the door trying to find a way to open it.

"Ahem, Ms. Granger" Draco said with a sneer "Why don't you stand aside. Alohomora!". The lock jiggled on the door and opened, the door creaking open with it. Draco shot a smirk back her Hermione who now looked especially cross.

"Okay, we need to make sure this place isn't trapped, we must enter with the utmost caution and what in Merlin's name do you think you're doing?!"

Draco waltzed right into the store like his daddy owned it. "Hermione, this place is far too old for Moody to risk it falling apart when he booby-trapped it".

Hermione shook her head and went in after the blonde wizard so recklessly willing to go into uncertain danger. But she liked that about him.

---

The pair searched high and low, but all they found were old books, nothing to do with the war, and random trinkets made for small witches and wizards.

"Ugh this is pointless" Draco sighed dramatically "Come on Hermione, we can go to the Bahamas, I have enough money to buy the moon"

Hermione leaned against the wall looking at Draco through the lumos spell emanating from her wand. She smirked. She really loved this fool Huh? The great Hermione Granger willing to even consider running away with a boy, a Malfoy boy".

Hermione then leaned her arm on a hollow place in the wall, trying to get comfortable she accidentally stuck her elbow too hard into the creaky wood and she busted a hole right through it. This caused the wall she was leaning on to completely shatter around her.

She fell on her ass.

Draco giggled a little bit went to help Hermione up. But upon coming closer to her he realized she hadn't just broken a little bit of old wall, but there was a room behind the wall.

"Hermione, look"

Hermione turned her head to see one of the strangest sights she'd ever been subjected to. It was a book. A rather thick one, floating on a pedestal. It gleamed in the darkness without even a lumos spell having to illuminate it.

"I don't know what that is, Draco, but I want it".

Everything in Hermione's body stopped as she unconsciously began to walk toward the book, mesmerized by it.

"Fuck" Draco thought "It's bewitched!"

"Hermione! no!"

Hermione walked toward the book in amazement, her movements no longer her own.

Draco didn't know what to do so he did the first thing that came to mind

"Accio Granger"

Draco didn't even know if that would do anything, but as Hermione flew backwards toppling on him, he got his answer.

The confused witch shook her head "What just happened?" She asked with slurred words

"That book it's a trap" Draco said

"Hehe it was shiny" Hermione hiccuped then fainted in Draco's arms. Draco held Hermione and about 10 different thoughts ran through his brain at once the most prominent being "Why didn't

the curse on that book affect me?".

Curiosity overtook Draco and he walked over to the book.

The title read in all caps

"DEATH EATER HANDBOOK AND MAPS"

In little words under it read

"Only accessible by those who have their mark to show loyalty".

Draco looked at his arm. He still had his dark mark, but it had faded quite a bit, almost like a tattoo that hadn't been touched up.

The wizard opened the book and began to read the chapters.

Chapter one: Destruction of all dirty blood

Chapter two: Pure wizards

Chapter three: How to make the brew of filth and Mudblood annihilation

The chapters continued on. Draco flipped through the book and found a piece of parchment sticking out of it. A map.

## **Chapter 12: Consequences**

Draco's eyes became glued to the map as he soaked in every detail. It was a straight up guide to finding the White Angel Amulet. His hands tightened around the edges and he was so enthralled in what he was reading he didn't hear a hiccup behind him. Then he smelled burning

The blonde wizard whipping around to see Hermione, right behind him, but her eyes glazed over and her hands reaching out to touch the book. He then noticed her fingertips, the closer they got to the book, the more blackened they were becoming, this book was burning Hermione. He needed to get her out of there.

"Hermione! Hermione, time to go, you were right about the traps"

"I like the pretty light book" Hermione giggled through a hiccup

"We gotta go, Hermione, now!" Draco said grasping one of her hands

The response he received was a punch in the face that sent him flying backwards towards the opposite end of the store. Once he was able to stand, Draco rushed over to Hermione and threw her over his back.

She kicked and yelled to be let go. Draco saw charred flesh up her arms as she flailed around desperately trying to get free and go in the direction of the book.

Draco kicked the door open and threw Hermione out into the snow, he wasn't really sure what he was doing but he knew he had to cool her burns and prevent her from getting back in that store.

Hermione hit the ground, giggled, hiccuped then passed out right there in the snow. Draco's first instinct was to rush over and help her but as he noticed the shop begin to crumble behind him he rushed back in. He needed to get that damned map.

The book glowed hot red and the building began to collapse and Draco hopped over singed furniture and dodged falling wood from the ceiling. The book spit fire and Draco just barely grasped the map, pulling it from the book before the god forsaken book just evaporated. He then began to run towards the door.

Once he finally got there he dove out of the collapsing shop and into the snow next to the passed out witch, and watched as the store slowly melted into rubble.

Hermione shot up with a flash, on her feet before Draco even knew she was awake.

"WHA-WHY WHO I AM AWAKE" She yelled incoherently flailing her arms around as she regained full control of her body.

Draco's head whipped around to see her "Hermione! You're awake!"

"And in great pain you bloody git! What in Merlin's name happened to my arms!"

Draco stood up timidly at first but after taking a slap to the face he gasped Hermione and pulled her into him, stopping her rapid fire movements "Hermione. I will explain later we need to leave now-

"Oh you do, do you?" A voice came from behind them

Hermione screamed. It was Ron.

Draco's heart almost stopped and his grip on his witch tightened. "You know, it figures you were fucking Malfoy. He's the best you could do" Ron sneered looking at the pair.

Hermione began to tremble with fear. "How-How did you find us?" She stumbled

"I still have this" Ron shook the deluminator Dumbledore had given him "Now I am done playing games. I only have 3 mudbloods to go before I can finally finish what the dark lord wanted"

Draco pushed Hermione back and pointed his wand at Ron. "Come on, Weasle-bee show me what a pure blood wizard can do, Stup-"

"Expelliarmus!"

Draco's wand flew from his hand landing in the snow next to Hermione. On pure instinct Draco rushed Ron, tackling him to the ground and punching him, he took pride in seeing blood come from Ron's nose as his attack heightened. Ron felt around desperately and then found what he was looking for, his wand.

"Reducto!" Ron yelled sending Draco flying off of him. But not before Draco grasped onto something.

"You know what, little mudblood, I wasn't going to do this to you but since I am especially pissed off, I am going to make you watch as I kill your little boyfriend"

Ron grasped Draco by the hair holding his face only inches from the ground before smashing it into the concrete over and over

"All this magic, and the most satisfying revenge is something even you mudbloods can do!"

Hermione pulled her wand and yelled "Stupefy!" taking Ron by surprise. Why didn't he think that she could have a wand, of course she had a wand!

Hermione rushed over to Draco, and held his head. His eye was swollen almost shut and there was scratches all over his face and neck. Hermione quickly healed his nose by whispering "Episky".

"-Hermione" Draco said "take this" handing her the map. Hermione stuffed it into her pocket not minding what it was "Her-Hermione, I am going to make sure Weasle-bee never finds you again" he whispered hearin Ron regain his consciousness. They heard footsteps and Draco felt Ron grasp him by the hair again ripping him away from Hermione.

"I am going to go and finish off your boyfriend, then I will be back for you" Ron yelled, blood leaking from his nose. Then with Draco still in his fist, he began to apparate. Hermione tried desperately to stop it, but she only reached Draco's wand which did nothing to her command. But before they apparated completely Draco whispered "I promised I would never let anything hurt you, and now he will never find you and lay a finger on you again". Draco then pulled out the thing he had grasped onto earlier. The Deluminator and smashed it on the ground

"No!" Ron screamed and Hermione tried to grab Draco's hand but it was too late. Draco was gone.

---

Hermione woke to a voice and freezing cold air. "What has happened to my shop?" A familiar voice said loudly. Hermione shook her head and shot up from the ground.

"Mr. Moody! He took Draco!" Tears swelled up in the witch's eyes

"Huh" Mr Moody said as he turned around to see the charred witch with a nose blue from frost bite shake in the snow behind him

"Hermione!" He said and rushed to her aid "What happened?"

"Ron came! He hurt Draco then he took him to kill him!"

"Hermione, calm down and tell me what happened. Even though I think I have a pretty good guess" Mr Moody's wonky eye rolled over to the rummage.

---

Once Moody had heard the whole story, he apparated himself and Hermione to his home. She fought and screamed that they needed to find Draco, but Moody insisted that they go back to his place and regain some of their composure.

He quickly wrapped a blanket around the shivering Hermione as she began to cry "The only thing he gave me was this!" She pulled out the crumpled map and handed it to Moody.

"Holy Merlin" Moody astounded uncrumpling the map "Where did you find this!"

"It was in your book behind the wall" Hermione sniffed

"So that's what was in the book" Alastore stroked his chin "I couldn't touch it myself, can't reckon why. And from the looks of it, you can't either"

"It was like I was in some trance" Hermione said

"Trance?"

"Yes, I couldn't control my movements, I just kept walking toward the book even though it was burning me"

"Huh. That didn't happen to me, sure the book burned me but I was in no trance. Maybe it's because you're muggle born. That is a death eater book ya know?"

"I don't recall that, I just remember it being very shiny"

Alastore huffed "Well i'll be damned. This here map is a guide to the White Angel Amulet. No wonder nobody could find it, it was hidden in a book only death eater's could touch"

"But Draco isn't a death eater anymore"

Alastore sighed "Once a death eater always a death eater".

### **Chapter 13: Heart Connections**

"How could you say that?" Hermione said, a stern look taking over her face. She didn't want to put off the person who had offered her help and shelter after she had been left pretty badly burned and in the snow, which had frost bitten every inch of her skin that the book hadn't charred.

Moody looked her up and down "How could I say that? Dear girl I have been puttin' wizards and witches in Azkaban since before you wer' born" he said his exaggeration of his O's and R's prevalent as he became annoyed "And if I know one thing it's that death eaters are nothing but bloody thirsty killing machines"

"You've got it all wrong" Hermione pleaded "Draco can be an insufferable pervert with a dark sense of humor but he never means to hurt anyone". A shiver ran up her spine as she said those words; the image of Draco defiling her so pleasurably making it's way into her brain "At

least not within reason".

Moody chuckled "Oh girl, I can sense your aura you know. It's all over the place." He touched her forehead "You're at crossroads"

"Damn straight I am at a crossroad!" Hermione snapped pulling away from him "I have the choice to either hunt down an Amulet that I may or may not find, while Draco is being killed or hunt for Draco putting my own safety to the side. I love Draco, but I don't know what to do!"

"If you really loved that git, the thought of the crystal never woulda even entered yer' pretty little mind!"

Hermione looked up at him. He was right. If she really loved Draco, she would drop everything and run to save him. Tears began to sting at her eyes. Why was she always crying so much? Oh yes. She hadn't had a comfortable day since her parents died and she was very nearly dissected.

Moody gave Hermione a pitied look "Sometimes the mind can outweigh the heart you know. And it wouldn't surprise me if a witch as headstrong as you would let herself outthink herself out of truly falling in love"

"But I do love Draco"

"But are you in love with him?" Hermione could see why he had the nickname old mad eye as the out of place eye seemed to stare directly into her soul

"Wh-What's the difference?" Hermione stuttered

"Love is natural, it's what keeps people in packs and safe among one another. Yet love can be so easily abandoned if the circumstances fall wrong" Moody's tone changed with that sentence almost melancholically

"What do you mean?"

"Being in love is when you put others before yourself not just as stepping stones to help you achieve what you want"

"But I would have given anything to save my parents. Does that mean I am in love with them?" Hermione tried not to smile triumphantly

"Yes" Moody said "Being in love has such a negative connotation nowadays. Back when I wer' a young lad, you could be in love with anything. Maybe it's different in the muggle world. But here, in our world, love and being in love are vastly different"

Hermione tried to speak but was cut off

"Wizards are catching on though. I have lived long enough to see a younger generation of wizards hit on young witches for weeks, before saying they love them just to sleep wit em' and vice versa."

"OKay this is great and all Alastore, but it is kind of important that we find Draco!" Hermione

nearly shouted

"Looks like the brightest witch of her age can think with her heart" Moody smirked at her. And he was right. Without even thinking about it, Hermione chose Draco. Not the crystal, but Draco Malfoy. The young boy who bullied her relentlessly during childhood, and made her feel awful about herself. This was the boy who she was about to risk everything for.

"Well we oughta be going if we want to find him soon" Moody stated pushing himself up from his chair

"But Alastore you can barely walk, and how would you even know where to go?"

"I have that covered" Moody winked and staggered into his kitchen "I just have a quick call to make first".

---

Draco's body hung limply from a blackened brick wall. He opened his eyes to a cold dark room illuminated by only a fire in the middle of it, and Ron Weasley standing about 4 inches from his face.

"So sleeping beauty has woken up" The redheaded wizard teased as he poked one of Draco's wounds causing him to flinch.

"Fuck....o fff" Draco tried to say

"Now that's not very nice" Ron smirked

Draco could feel pain from every inch of his body. His eye throbbed and there was blood running from his nose. There were scrapes around his entire body and he could feel his right shoulder was dislocated and atleast a few ribs were broken.

"Well you and your little witch sure do know how to kill a mood" Ron hummed "So I guess I am going to have to have a change of plans. No doubt Hermione will come looking for you, and given she has the right help she will find you. However, by the time she gets here you will just be alive enough to watch your beloved witch be killed"

Draco coughed, blood flew from his mouth mixed with spit and mucus. "Leave her alone"

"Oh Draco Malfoy. The toughest wizard around. Has all his little lackeys to back him up. Now look at him. Chained to a wall because the witch he loves didn't have the courage to take her torture like a man, and spare you. Guess the feeling of love isn't all that mutual" Ron shot Draco a fake pout

"Shut... shut shut up, weasle-bee. You're just sour because you'll never know what it feel like to have Her-Hermione love-ya-you"

"Oh save it" Ron said "Hermione doesn't know how to love, all she knows how to do is think, and considering the fact she is in this situation at all shows how inadequate she can be at that"

"She is smarter than you will ever be"



"Shut it!" Ron snapped and faced the dangling blond wizard, almost lifelessly swaying before him

"You knew you could never best Hermione, that's why you're doing this. Because you could never admit defeat to someone who you don't see as pure as you."

"Crucio!" Ron yelled and sent Draco sputtering with his words and his body vibrating with pain

Draco spat out more blood, tears beginning to stream down his face but he still continued "Your family always tried to act so much better than mine. But you always had the same morals. You always just pretended to be Hermione's friend, because she was the only one who would stand to be around your pathetic ass!"

"Stupefy!" Ron screamed and draco's head shot painfully against the wall behind him as he lost consciousness

---

It had been atleast 30 minutes. And Moody had been in the kitchen alone with someone for 30 minutes. He made a call, the doorbell rang, and then Moody shut the door to the kitchen leaving Hermione in the dark on who he called.

She was beginning to pace. She could feel that Draco was still alive but she wanted so desperately to be with him. Her face burned. She was in love with him.

Moody finally opened the kitchen door and Hermione's jaw just about dropped. It was Harry Potter.

Harry looked like a bloody mess. His hair was in every direction, his eyes seemed shallow and his lips with crusted with dead skin.

Before Hermione could even say anything Harry wrapped her up into a hug. "I'm so sorry Hermione. I'm so sorry I didn't believe you. Ginny told me you were crazy and I believed my ex-wife"

"Ex-wife?" Hermione said

"We divorced after I found her journal entries about her and her pureblood friends trying to kill all mudbloods. Ron was the leader. I should've believed you. I should-

"It's okay Harry" Hermione said "But if you really want to make it up to me, I need you to help me find Draco"

"What do you see in him" Harry scoffed forgetting for a moment the situation he was in

"I could ask that about Ginny, but Draco has been nothing but helpful to me since I have been stuck in this mess"

"Alright. Fine. When we save the git, I am sure he can enlighten me on how wonderful he is he always seemed to have a fine talent for that-Ow!" Harry yelled as Hermione punched him

"Do you even know where to go?" Hermione asked impatiently

"Yes, but you're probably not going to like it"

## **Chapter 14: Wreckage**

"There is no way I am going there!" Hermione all but shrieked

"It's okay" Harry said trying to calm her down

"Why would he do this?!"

"I don't know" Harry said, his eyes dropped to the floor, he knew the news was going to be hard for Hermione to take and he cringed with her reaction

"He took Draco to my parents house, just so he could have even more control over me" Hermione felt her face redden with anger, and her hands clenched into fists

Moody stood in a corner behind the pair "Hate to interrupt but I would suggest the two of you get going."

Hermione span around "How could you be so insensitive! I just learned the murderer of my parents has my boyfriend captive in their old house. Can't you show some patience and sympathy?"

Harry tried to grasp Hermione's shoulder to calm her

"Well the revenge will be sweeter if your boyfriend is still alive when you get there! So if I were you, I'd hurry!" Moody sputtered

Hermione looked down. He was right. As insensitive and asshole-ish Moody could come off, he was right, they needed to get going. Then Hermione's head shot up

"What about Crookshanks! The poor old kitty is all by himself in that old cottage!"

Harry sheepishly grinned "Actually part of the reason I took so long to get here was that I made a stop". He whistled into the kitchen and an old orange tabby came racing

"Crookshanks!" Hermione yelled and scooped up her old kitty. She snuggled her face into his fur. Harry smiled "Alastore is going to take good care of him, okay? We just need to get going before night falls, we can't allow Ron any more advantages". Hermione nodded "But how are we even going to get to my parent's house?"

Harry led the witch outside. Standing there was a Hippogriff. A tall, proud, lovely looking beast.

"You remember Buckbeak, Dont you, Hermione?" Harry asked with a grin

Hermione looked back at him uneasily "You know I am afraid of heights right?"

---

Draco was still blacked out. And Ron was pacing like a mad man. Where was Hermione? Surely

Draco had to be incentive enough to get her here. Oh he was going to make her pay.

"Ginny!" Ron yelled over to one of the hooded figures. The redheaded girl removed her hood and spoke back "Yes?"

"I think I have the perfect punishment for Hermione." He pulled her over to him and began to unravel the plan for his young sister

"I will go wake up Draco" Ginny smiled darkly.

---

"Not a bloody chance" Draco said, blood still oozing from his mouth

"You know, Draco. We found the portraits you painted of Hermione. Sounds like a wicked obsession."

"That's over! She's my girlfriend now!"

"Oh come on, Draco, Haven't you wanted to have full and utter control of the bitch? I can see it in your eyes. You fuck her frequently, but you never get the satisfaction you so desperately crave" Ginny stroked her wand down Draco's cheek

Draco looked up at her with darkened eyes

"Besides, this way, I will fix all your wounds and you will live, is she really worth your life?"

Draco's demeanor changed a little "But she'll be dead"

"Maybe not" Ginny began "Maybe we can drain her blood just slow enough to keep her alive while you take what's rightfully yours"

Draco smirked "Hmmm, well I have always wanted her as my little slave girl"

"Good" Ginny said slyly "I will move you to the bedroom where we will have 'kept you captive', and when she comes to rescue you, it will be too late. Oh what a show! I can't wait to see!"

Draco smiled as his chains were slowly removed from his limbs.

---

The trip to Hermione's parents house was a long, bumpy and emotionally painful one. Hermione had her eyes completely shut the entire time as she grasped onto Harry. She imagined Draco. She wanted so desperately to see him, to save him.

As they neared the old house, they could feel the air begin to chill with the first signs of night fall. Harry told Hermione that no plan would prepare them for what was waiting for them, so they would sneak in, and try to find Draco. Then they would release him and sneak him out.

"Maybe running away together isn't the worst option in the world" Hermione thought to herself.

Harry flew Buckbeak to an open window in the house and Hermione climbed out and into it. She

remembered this room. It was the guest room that was never taken. She remembered how she would climb all over the bed, because it was so much bigger than her own. And sometimes her parents would let her sleep in there.

Hermione checked out the area and slowly opened the door into the hall. It was all clear. Harry had given her his invisibility cloak, and she felt a little better as she wandered through the darkened halls of her parents house.

"Draco" She whispered as loudly as one can whisper when afraid for their life.

"Draco!"

"Hermione?" A soft voice came from her old bedroom.

She creaked the door open. There he was. Draco. He was bound to the bed and she ran over to him, peeling off her cloak "Draco" She whispered "Are you okay?"

"Yes" He sounded awful but somehow looked untouched. Hermione began to pull at the restraints and found that they came off quite easily. Almost too easily. Once Draco was up, Hermione motioned for him to follow her.

"Wait Hermione I have a favor to ask" Draco said

"Draco?"

Before she could even finish her thought Draco had her by the throat and threw her onto the bed. Not in seductive way he had before, but in a much more intense and brutal way.

He kept his hand around her neck as she continued to squirm.

The door opened and the lights came on. It was Ron. And Ginny. And Dean and Seamus and Pansy and Daphne and holy shit these people were all death eaters?!?

"Well it looks like we have a show!" Ron howled "I didn't think you'd show up Hermione. But it looks like your trust in Draco will be your downfall."

Hermione looked up at Draco, still squeezing her neck. Tears formed in her eyes. And not the usually ones that went away quickly, but tears of betrayal. Draco looked down back at her. His eyes seemed unusually cold and he slapped her across the face, leaving a red handprint on her cheek.

The death eaters began to clap and cheer "Come on! Rip her apart!" Chanting came from the crowd.

Draco began ripping Hermione's clothes. He winced as he tore through the very expensive dress he'd bought her but continued until her body was exposed to him completely.

Draco drew his nails sharply down Hermione's flesh causing her to yelp in pain. He moved quickly to her nipples. He pinched them hard in his fingers and rolled them. He brought his other hand down to her pussy

"Stupid slut!" He yelled "Already so wet!" The crowd howled

Draco was hard. He slapped Hermione's pussy with his cock, and she began to gasp and yelp trying to plead with him to stop.

There was a small knife on the dresser beside the bed that Draco held to Hermione's throat. "One more word, and you'll be bleeding all over your childhood memories"

Tears streamed down Hermione's face and Draco licked them up. "I want to fuck you so bad, pet, but first"

Draco positioned himself over Hermione's face and used his hands to pry her jaw open, forcefully slamming his cock into her mouth. Hermione gagged and tried to wrench away from the torture but she couldn't move from fear.

Draco hated what he was forced to do to his witch. But playing along with Ron's little game was the only way to make sure that he and Hermione survived. Even if she never spoke to him again. His heart felt heavy, but her mouth felt so fucking good. He thrust harder.

He pulled out sharply causing Hermione to cough and spit, but she was on her stomach before she could utter a word. Draco slammed into her pussy and began fucking her hard. Everyone was wild with cheering.

Draco leaned into Hermione's ear "I'm going to get us out of this"

Hermione didn't respond, she just let her body go limp. How was she ever going to trust anyone again. She would've rather taken death over this.

And with that she blacked out.

---

Hermione awoke to caresses on her back. She was in her bedroom with Draco beside her. He was holding her tight.

"Hermione, you're awake! Are you okay?" Draco whispered.

Hermione shot a half hearted glance his direction "My throat hurts and I am in pain just about everywhere else".

"I'm so sorry, Hermione. But I needed to do this. I wanted you to be alive"

"You should've just let them kill me". Hermione then turned over away from Draco wincing as she moved.

They both heard a yell coming from the other room and shot up. It was the unmistakable voice of Harry Potter. Even with Hermione's pain she bolted from the room before Draco could even say "Wait".

She barged into her parent's old bathroom and saw a sight that would go down in history as one of the worst she'd ever seen. Harry was chained to the bath tub. He was completely naked and Ron was cutting off bits of his skin and placing them beside him in the tub.

The next thing Hermione heard was "Stupefy!" It came from Draco's wand. And Ron collapsed next to the weeping Harry.

## Chapter 15: No One

\*\*\*\*Please Review! Keeps me Motivated!\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione rushed over to Harry. She whispered he was going to be okay in his ear. The wizard shook in Hermione arms. Blood began to seep through Hermione Clothes.

Draco had a different idea of how he wanted to spend this moment. He walked over to Ron and yelled "How do you like it? Crucio!". Ron's unconscious body, began to writhe with pain as the feeling woke him up.

"I want you to be fully awake when I do this to you!"

Ron looked up at him with weary eyes.

"Avada Kadavra!" Draco yelled, wand pointed at Ron.

The curse bounced off Ron like a rocket and flew up and broke a light. "What the fuck?" Draco yelled

"Avada Kadavra! Avada Kadavra Avada Kadavra!" He shot curse after curse, all bouncing off of Ron.

"His necklace" Harry choked out.

Hermione and Draco looked around Ron's neck and Draco pulled a chain from around it that was hidden in his shirt. He couldn't believe his eyes. It was the White Angel Amulet. Hermione gasped.

"That's why I couldn't kill him" Draco said

"Actually, you just can't kill him with magic" Hermione sputtered

Draco tried pulling the chain from around Ron's neck. But the chain wouldn't budge.

"Don't you remember?" Hermione said "The Amulet won't leave it's owner unless it is given up voluntarily!"

Draco was getting increasingly angry. "You know what, Hermione, fuck it." He began to stomp Ron's head with his boot. Blood began to spurt out of Ron.

Hermione stood there shocked. "Untie Harry, Hermione! Are your limbs broken?" Hermione rushed to Harry's aid and used her magic to get him free.

"Fuck magic! Fuck running!" Draco's foot collided with Ron's head and he coughed up blood "I have been held captive by you" He stomped hard into Ron.

"I will make you pay for everything you have done to me and Hermione!"

He picked up Ron by the hair then slammed him into the bathroom sink then forced him to look at himself in the mirror

"I want you to look your self in the eyes while I kill you!" Draco screamed, his actions becoming more violent every second. Hermione had gotten Harry free. She fixed his broken nose and, arm, but there were still deep cuts that needed medical attention as soon as possible.

"Draco we need to go" Hermione said, her voice urgent

"I'm busy!" He said darkly, then returned to Ron.

Draco smashed Ron's face into the mirror, causing it to crack and blood to be sent everywhere. The door then slammed open. It was Ginny.

Hermione gasped, and Harry began to cry.

Ginny had her wand ready and about ten hooded figures behind her. "Okay, enough games time to finish that. Release my brother now!"

"Stupefy!" Draco yelled sending Ginny flying. He quickly took advantage of this opportunity, and held Ron's head inches from the broken mirror and whispered "You'll never hurt anyone ever again". And everyone in the room heard a loud crack as Ron's neck was snapped and the redhead went completely limp in Draco's arms.

Draco then took a step towards the hooded figures "You think I am fucking around! Run! Before his fate becomes all of yours!" and he threw Ron at the hooded figures. They scattered like mice and Draco turned to see a terrified Harry and an overwhelmed Hermione.

Draco then threw the Amulet on the ground and smashed it into a million little pieces.

"Now we can go"

---

It was 2:00 AM when they arrived at St. Mungos hospital and as the doctor said, it was right on time to save Harry's life. He had lost almost 3 pints of blood. And magical or not, that is a lot of blood.

Draco had changed into something less bloody before they had gotten to the hospital and made Hermione do the same. They didn't need to be thrown in Azkaban for something that Ron had done.

Draco and Hermione sat next to each other by Harry's hospital bed. Draco hadn't spoken a word just kept a firm grip on Hermione's leg. He breathed heavily, it was obvious he was still weak from the beatings he had endured from Ron.

It was to go without saying that Hermione forgave Draco, but she was insanely worried about him. She kept trying to talk to him, but he wouldn't respond. All he did was rub her thigh. Eventually Hermione gave up and put her head in her hands. Harry was unconscious and the

pair were waiting for him to awaken.

Draco then turned to Hermione

"I told you I would never let anything hurt you" He huffed

Hermione embraced Draco, causing him to whimper as she brushed against one of his wounds.

"I love you" Hermione said, looking Draco directly in the eyes

He grasped her hands "You're my world Hermione, I love you more than you could ever imagine."

Draco felt himself change in that moment. From the beginning of his conquest of stalking her, all he had imagined was tearing her apart, getting it over with then moving on. Or keeping her as a fuck doll. But something had changed inside his heart. It had changed from the moment Hermione had shown up on his door step begging for help. But he was too caught up in his own motives to realize.

He was in love with Hermione Granger. Not the love he thought he'd felt the first time he shared a bed with her. But truly in love with her. He would give up his life for hers. He thought his love was just temporary and if he fucked her hard enough it would go away. But that wasn't it and Maybe she could fix him. And the darkness that had surrounded his heart since he was young. He was never going to let anything harm Hermione. She was his Sun, and his world would be pretty dark without her shining brightly on it.

Harry blinked open his eyes "Hermione?" He said, his voice gravelly.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled and jumped up from her spot next to Draco. He rolled his eyes. Why did they have to stay with St. Potter. Why couldn't they have just dropped him off and went? But Hermione had protested that they stay.

They all turned their heads when they heard a knock on the door.

A doctor emerged, behind him was Moody holding Hermione's cat.

"Well I am very sorry for what you have all been through, I am sure you're aware that the Ministry has been notified and is searched for the little gang death eaters. Thank you Auror Potter for alerting us"

Draco's brow wrinkled. He had been the one to save their lives. Yet of course St. Potter got all the credit.

"Now that they are done, I am obligated to tell you that we have been running some tests on each of you magically. Predominantly to make sure you didn't have any of the muggle killing concoction on you, but Hermione we found something interesting with you"

Hermione turned around "Am I going to be okay?"

"Well that depends" The doctor said tapping his head with his wand



"On what?"

"On if you like children or not, Hermione, you're pregnant!"

The news hit everybody a little differently. Moody bust out laughing, Harry shot a dark look at Draco, whom the blood was draining from his face, and Hermione looked like she'd just seen a ghost.

"I'm Pregnant?!"

"Yes. You will be experiencing the pregnancy symptoms soon enough. Is this the father?' The doctor pointed at Harry.

Hermione shook her head and Draco stood up "Actually I am the father, if you must know". He pulled Hermione into his arms. The doctor shrugged then went on to tell Harry about medications and such before they were all released from the hospital.

---

"You better stay in touch, Harry!" Hermione said as they hugged goodbye on Harry's doorstep. Draco was looking impatient and ready to leave the Potter residence. So Hermione and Harry shared one last hug then the pair went back to Draco's cottage. Crookshanks with them.

Draco set up a fire before pulling Hermione down next to him.

"There is not a doubt in my mind that Ginny and her little cloaked friends will try to come after you again. And me too. I seriously doubt that the boneheads at the ministry could do shit about them, so I need to protect you. And the life that is growing inside of you"

Hermione looked pale "So you're not going to leave me?"

"You're mine, Hermione, and soon it's not just going to be you and me. I know this is a bad time. But, will you marry me?"

"Yes!" Hermione threw herself into Draco's arms.

"I don't exactly have a ring.." Draco looked around then ripped a string from his shirt and tied it around Hermione's finger "I promise I'll get you a better one as soon as I can" he said sheepishly.

Hermione laughed "I'd sure hope so"

---

Ginny paced back and forth. Her brother was dead. Her friends were looking for new leadership. She'd have to take over.

"Can I have everyone's attention?" She asked knocking her fist against the hollow wall of the abandoned building in which they were staying.

Everyone stopped their conversations and looked at the witch

"I know things look grim, but this only means that we have more incentive to kill that little witch and her boyfriend. Then we are going to rip every little mudblood limb from bloody limb!"

Everyone clapped. Ginny looked out the window to a dark sky then back to the audience "If they thought Voldemort was bad, wait until they see us! There won't be a wizard alive who isn't full blood after this!"

The crowd went wild.

## **Chapter 16: Bewitched and Bothered**

\*\*\*\*\*3 Months have passed since Hermione found out she was expecting\*\*\*\*\*

The cottage was cozy, the fire cracked and the winter air was just chilly enough that they needed it. Hermione liked the fire though. It seemed to sooth her kicking baby. Draco looked out the window, his eyes sometimes wandering over to Hermione. She was peaceful and quite. He liked the look of satisfaction in her eyes as she watched the fire.

"Spring is around the corner, love" Draco said breaking the soft silence

"Yes, it will be nice to enjoy spring without immediate fear for our lives" Hermione spoke

"I don't know why Ginny hasn't found us yet, if she really wanted to she could. It's not like we're trying to keep where we are a secret"

"Maybe she's given up... Take it from someone who knows what it's like to watch a family member die in front of them, it makes you terrified of the person who did it, no matter what their intentions"

"You think she's frightened of me"

"I am just being optimistic" Hermione giggled and poked Draco's side.

"The fire sure is nice" Draco hummed "I do think it's strange that we haven't made love since we found out you're carrying"

"Your version of making love isn't exactly very gentle, and my body is sensitive right now"

Hmm. She was right. Maybe it was time for him to try something different. Not that he hadn't been different since the night at the hospital, but he wanted to show her he cared about her, but something wasn't right.

"Why are you so scared of making love" Hermione continued "Is it because you don't trust me enough to be vulnerable around me"

A lump formed in Draco's throat. He hadn't thought of that before. He wiped at his eyes. He wasn't a man who usually cried, but what Hermione had said really struck a nerve in him.

"It's a lonely life when no one likes you" He began "And the best way to avoid getting hurt is to push people away"

Hermione's expression softened. She sat up and ran her fingers down the sides of Draco's face.

"Draco, I'm not going anywhere. I wish you would trust me"

"I do trust you Hermione, I'm just not sure I know how..."

"Know how?"

"How" Draco took a deep breath "To make love"

Hermione tried to hold back a smile. "Then maybe I should teach you".

Hermione climbed in the blond boy's lap. She ran her fingers through his hair and began to kiss him. Not harshly, but softly, gently kissing him. Like the first time they'd kissed. Draco instinctively put his hand on Hermione stomach. Not that he'd had doubts of the baby being his, but magical babies react to their father's touch. And the little witch or wizard growing in Hermione reacted happily to it's fathers touch giving light kicks as if trying to let Draco know that it could feel him.

Hermione began to undress Draco. It was slow, and Draco could feel a heat in his pants as his cock grew hard. He didn't know sex could feel good slowly. The witch pulled Draco's top off and kissed down his chest to his stomach then right above his naval. She unbuttoned his pants and slipped them down.

"Let me suck your cock" She said seductively

Draco nodded. It took everything in him not to grab her face and fuck it senseless. Her mouth was warm and chills rushed up the wizard's spine as her tongue flicked his dick head. It wasn't long before her mouth had completely engulfed the boy who was now gasping for air. His cock twitched like crazy.

Hermione let up on him when he really began to squirm "Don't stop" He moaned. Hermione just responded by sliding down on his cock. Her pussy enveloping it entirely. Draco moaned loudly and started to thrust.

"No no" Hermione pretended to scold. She held down on his chest and lifted herself up and down on his cock, letting him relish in her tight warmth.

"Fuck Hermione, I'm gonna cum" He said, out of breath

"Me too" She gasped. His cock was really big, but still hit every sensitive spot inside of her.

They came together gasping.

Draco held his witch by the fire. "So that's what making love feels like" Draco thought to himself "Need to do that more often".

---

Ginny was a wreck. Half of her lackies had gone when Ron had died and the wizards and witches who stuck by her side were imbeciles.

She could smell herself. It had been a week since she'd showered. She was busy plotting, though it seemed like she had gone through every possible plan in the book.

She was fearful of Draco, but if she owed her brother anything it was to grant his dying wish. Kill Hermione Granger, and make sure no mudblood ever messed with the sanctity of the name "Wizard" every again.

A knock came on her bedroom door "I'm busy" she grunted

"I think you want to hear this" Ginny heard Seamus through the door

"Fine. Come in"

Seamus entered and sat down next to the redheaded witch, holding his breath. She stunk.

He coughed and continued "Word around town is that Hermione Granger is entering her third month of pregnancy"

Ginny's head whipped around "Pregnancy? She's pregnant!". A smile curled on her freckled lips "Maybe that's how we finish the concoction. If we get our hands on that baby, we can make the potion out of it's filthy little blood. All we have to do, is be at St. Mungo's when the baby is born. Until then. Seamus, gather the others, we need to start preparing for this".

---

Hermione laid on the hospital bed while the doctor put a jelly like substance on her belly. The doctor began feeling around for signs of life.

"Well I am happy to tell you, your baby boy is healthy"

"It's a boy?" Draco said, excitedly

"You didn't know?" The doctor added

"No"

"Yes, you are having a boy. With muggles it is hard to determine the baby's sex until the 5 month point, but with witches and wizards it's different. The baby develops it's powers in the last trimester and the baby is pretty much fully developed, sexually that is after only 6 months. So congratulations on your baby boy"

---

Draco couldn't stop grinning. He hadn't cared before if the name of Malfoy had been buried with him, but to think he had a chance of raising a good Malfoy boy made him ecstatic.

"Do you think we should get in touch with your parents?" Hermione asked

Draco grimaced "I haven't talked to them in years. I doubt they'd ever want to see me again."

"Well, I am sure they would. They do love you, you know"

"I wouldn't be so sure"

"Oh come on Draco, our boy should atleast have one set of Grandparents"

"Fine. I'll give them a call".

---

It wasn't five minutes after Draco made the call that the pair saw a head pop through their fire place, and then a whole body. Narcissa Malfoy stepped out in front of the pair

"Ah, so this is the witch who is carrying my grandson!"

## **Chapter 17: Preparations**

Narcissa had stayed with the couple for 5 and a half months. She helped Draco and Hermione prepare for their new baby boy. There had been no sign of Ginny or any of the death eaters so Hermione had a fairly simple and nice pregnancy.

It was coming to an end however and she was becoming more and more eager to meet her baby son. She and Draco had made a beautiful room for him, painted blue in color with white fluffy painted on clouds over his crib.

"Any day now" Hermione said rubbing her belly

"Yeah" Draco said appearing to be lost in thought as the pair stood before the baby crib

"Something on your mind, Drac?"

"Actually, yes" He said "Something I have been meaning to tell you for a while"

Hermione gulped and rubbed the diamond ring on her finger. They had gotten married a couple of months back and with a minimal party and delicious cake, it was the wedding of her dreams. And this was the first time Draco ever appeared to be anything but joyful.

"You know Hermione" Draco began "You are the best thing that has ever happened to me"

Hermione's eyes widened and she looked at her husband with a goofy grin "Really?" She said poking at his ribs

"I mean it" He said in a stern voice " But If you knew half the man I was before you showed up on my doorstep, you'd never even look at me"

Hermione's face straightened out and she looked at the man she loved "How so"

Draco took a breath "I used to follow you..."

Hermione snorted "Really?"

"This is serious, it was more like umm... well...Stalking"

"Stalking?" Hermione said her brow furrowing

"Yes. I was never all that good at showing love or really even knowing what love is, so I followed you like a puppy, because the feeling I got watching you was intoxicating"

Hermione looked at Draco "How far did this go..."

Draco's face turned red as the blood rushed to it and his adams apple bobbed as he tried to hold back tears. But all it did was make his words come out jumbled "Astoria left me because of my obsession with you"

"Obsession?!" Hermione said, shocked

Draco hung his head "Seeing you gave me such a thrill, but at the same time made me feel so... so powerless. I couldn't just walk up to you. It sounds fucked up, but the day my life began was the day you showed up on my doorstep begging me for help"

Hermione pulled him into her arms, her belly preventing them from hugging too tightly

"Draco... I knew"

Draco's head shot up and looked at Hermione

"Draco I saw you. Well, at first I didn't, but I would see you looking at me. And I have always been more headstrong than heart strong, but I have to admit, seeing you sent my heart fluttering. I felt this unspoken connection with you.. Why do you think I showed up at your door"

"Coincidence?" Draco said sincerely

"Why do you think I didn't leave after you roughly took me?"

Draco cocked his head

"I can't always see light and darkness in everybody, but I felt an over whelming sense of light with you. You may have been an insufferable child. But you are a good man Draco"

"But people don't ever really change" He said, his eyes averted from Hermione's

"I used to think that" She replied "But over the past almost a year, I have witnessed the first and maybe the only time I saw someone truly change. Because I saw you fall in love with me. And me the same with you"

Draco held Hermione's hands and looked her in the eyes "Maybe that's what changes people. Love".

Hermione rushed into Draco's embrace. She was in love with this man.

"I really liked the portraits you painted of me by the way"

"You saw those?"

---

"It's almost ti-ime" Ginny sang. This was the happiest she had felt in about 9 months. The day was about to come that she exacted her revenge on the brightest witch of her age.

Her followers gathered around her, and the smell of cinnamon filled the room as Ginny had enchanted the room to smell that way. She and her fellow death eaters had all upgraded in house size since she had the plan.

"Well we just have one more little puzzle piece before our visit to the Malfoys" Ginny smirked "Seamus, Dean. Bring her in"

The two men held a young girl, no older than 14 in their grasp. She was red in the face from crying and she struggled against the two.

"Please don't hurt me" She yelled as soon as she saw the red headed witch

"Oh honey" Ginny said, twirling the girl's Ravenclaw scarf in her fingers "I'm not just going to hurt you. I'm going to kill you"

"Please no, I will do anything!"

Ginny grasped the girl by the face, holding it only inches away from her own "Oh yeah? Then why don't you start by telling me why your father married a muggle?"

She threw the young girls head back, causing it to have a whiplashing affect and the girl struggled to catch her breath "You are a disgrace to the wizarding name!" Ginny screamed "And you haven't repented! You are nothing but a disgrace! Just a pathetic Disgrace"

The girl sobbed and a mixture of snot and tears ran down her face "I'm sorry" the girl choked

"It's a little late for that" Ginny said "Avada Kadavra"

And the once fighting girl went limp.

"You know what to do boys" Ginny motioned to Seamus and Dean. The boys then took the young girl to the other room

Ginny smiled when she smelled the coppery scent of blood boiling. Literally. From the other room.

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Hermione startled herself awake. "Draco" She whispered "The baby is coming"

(Hope you guys are enjoying reading so far. I have one more chapter left. Then I will have an epilogue for you. Please leave me reviews. Love youXOXOX)

## **Chapter 18: The Day He came into the World**

Hermione gasped. She'd never felt anything like this before, her body felt as if it were expanding, and her back was killing her. Draco had floo'd her and himself to St.Mungos and got her a hospital bed as soon as they arrived.

Hermione was breathing hard and Draco grasped her hand "It's okay, Mione. We will get to meet him very soon".

"Thanks for the pep-talk, Draco. But not helping"

Narcissa stood by Hermione babbling to her "Oh when Draco was born he almost ripped me inside out" she giggled

Hermione glared at the witch but she took no hints. That was the one thing she didn't like about Draco's mother, she just talked and talked and talked. Never even took a breath. Hermione remembered trying to read in Draco's living room and having to move to the bedroom because she couldn't hear herself think over Narcissa's rambles.

Hermione had figured it had been years since Narcissa had another female to talk to because Lucius kept her so isolated. So she was so excited to have Hermione to talk to she had forgotten to let Hermione even speak. Hermione wasn't 100 percent sure what had happened between Narcissa and Lucius, but through hushed whispers between her and Draco, and the fact that Narcissa had been staying with them, she'd figured the old witch had left the bastard.

The first couple of months of the pregnancy were hard. She remembered when she thought she and Ron were destined to be together and have kids. She had tried to talk to him about it, but every time he shut her down. Even in the best parts of their relationship, Ron was never all that affectionate toward Hermione.

Hermione had been thinking about it a lot since Ron's death. What happened to him that is. Right after the war he seemed fine, a little shaken up and was crying during his brother's funeral but he had seemed so eager to move on. They went on picnics together and practised magic side by side. Hermione was sure Ron had wanted to be an Auror.

Then one day he said he was going to Diagon Alley nonchalantly but when he came back, he was drunk. He was slurring his speech and yelling at her at the same time about how if it wasn't for people like her, his brother would've never died.

After that night everything had fallen apart. Hermione had wanted so badly for things to work out between her and Ron that she'd taken black eyes for it and bruises. But after he'd killed her parents and had been trying to drain her blood she'd left. Rightfully so.

It was still painful to think about Ron but at the moment Hermione was thinking of one thing. Push!

It was an overwhelming urge that seemed to come from deep within her psyche that she'd never even known existed but all she felt was a desire to push.

The doctor assisting the parents-to-be was telling Hermione how good she was doing. She let out a yelp, this child was going to tear her apart!

Draco was pacing back and forth, sweat dripping from his forehead "Come on Hermione" he



said, his voice shaking.

"Draco he won't come out!" Hermione screamed

Draco dropped to his knees in front of Hermione's birth canal "Come on honey" he said "Come out for daddy"

Hermione had never heard Draco be so sweet before, nor did she know why but upon him saying that, she gave a final push and heard the unmistakable sound of a newborn crying.

The doctor held the newborn boy up to the light, Draco felt the blood rush from his face and he almost passed out. This was his son, his heir, the lovechild of an accidental yet perfectly imperfect relationship. And he was beautiful.

The moment was short lived though as the door to Hermione's room swung open. Hermione sat up in shock. They had enchanted the door so nobody could come in.

"Oh goody" A familiar voice rang

"Who are-" The doctor began, but was cut off when the too sweet voice of Ginny Weasley cut through the air like a knife "Imperio!"

The doctor's action were no longer his own. Ginny instructed the Doctor to bring her the child. About 12 hooded figures stood behind her. The entire room was in shock but Narcissa was the first to act as she grasped the baby before it reached Ginny.

Ginny's face twisted "So we have to do this the hard way. You know I was just going to take the baby and go. A small price to pay for killing my brother!" She pointed her wand at Draco, who quickly drew his. The hooded figures swarmed Hermione.

"I wouldn't if I were you, Malfoy" She said in an upbeat voice "One wrong move and the woman of your dreams will be dead before you can say at least let me have my baby"

She turned to Narcissa "Now hand him over you old bat-

Narcissa may have been old but she was still the most experienced witch in the room. She shot a curse at Ginny throwing her to the ground.

"Oh that is it! Now you're all going to die!" Ginny screamed "Boys, you know what to do!"

The hooded figures moved in on Hermione, inclosing her from Draco. They created a magical barrier between them as well. They pinned the exhausted witch down and shoved a tube into each of her arms. She wailed and Draco desperately tried to penetrate the force.

Narcissa stood with the child and her back to the wall. She'd created a magical barrier of her own.

"You know what" Ginny said "This has gone so perfectly why don't you keep the kid, I've got something even better. The filthy mudblood mother!"

Draco tried every curse in the book to break the barrier, but was reduced to just pounded his

fists on it screaming for them to let Hermione go.

Hermione's eyes welled with tears "Atleast tell me why you're doing this" She pleaded.

Ginny stroked her chin. "Well I guess since you're going to die, you can take this to your pathetic little grave. I don't think you remember when Harry saved me from the basilisk. But he kept the fang. And one night, I was foolish, or shall I say smart enough to touch it, though he warned me not to. Apon touching the tooth I saw what you muggles did to my type, you burned us at the stake!" Ginny was livid now in her speech "Now I am going to make sure your filthy blood never leaves this room, and once I am done with you, I am going to make sure there isn't a wizard out there who isn't at the very least only half blood"

"But why Ron? If this was your plan-

"Ooooh, hear that Draco, someone still has feelings for my brother"

Hermione felt herself becomming weak, the blood was draining from her very quickly, she coughed

"But if you must know, Ron went out to the bar one night to meet me. I told him everything I saw yet he still didn't want to hurt you. Lucky for me, I had come prepared for this outcome. and I slipped some Liquid pain into his drink. Then he was perfect. Until you killed him!" She shot a curse at Draco.

Hermione was turning pale quickly. Then Narcissa had an idea. "Draco!" She yelled from her barrier "Use your patronus!"

Draco was taken aback. He had never successfully done a patronus charm before. "I can't mom those are only for good wizards"

He then heard Hermione choke out "But Draco, you're the best wizard I know"

Blood pumped quicker through Draco's veins. He pointed his wand at the barrier and yelled "Expecto Patronum!" Nothing happened. Ginny laughed "Silly boy, you have to think of a happy memory to do that, but people like you could never be happy!".

Draco's mind flashed back on his childhood. The loneliness the beatings, the sense of worthlessness, he put his hands up to his temples, he felt pressure as those memories rushed through his head. Then he remembered something. His happiest memory.

Draco stood up and looked Ginny in the eyes. He took a deep breath then closed his eyes. He let his memory fill him up. Ginny's eyes widened. He couldn't do this. Could he? No way!

"Expecto Patronum!"

The magical barrier shook. Then it shattered.

Draco rushed over to Hermione ripping the tubes from her. She coughed up blood then fell unconscious. This was overwhelming to Draco.

Anger that he had never experienced before rose within him. "Crucio!" He shot at Ginny making

her fall to the floor. He shot curse after curse at the fellow death eaters. "I will make you pay for what you have done to my wife!"

He pointed his wand at Ginny for what he thought would be the last time "The day I met Hermione, was the day I saw light in myself. It was her. How dare you take my light away! Avada-

The door burst open. It was Harry. And about 10 other Aurors.

"What you're about to do is honorable, Mr. Malfoy. But I will be taking these wizards. If you can call them that".

"How did you find us?" Draco said, shocked "I was hear to meet my godson, but I heard commotion and decided to get backup. Besides you don't want to kill these people. Then I'd have to take you to azkaban with them!"

Draco sighed then his senses perked back up and he ran to Hermione.

Narcissa relieved her own barrier and placed the child next to the knocked out witch

"Hermione, wake up! Hermione please wake up!" Hermione looked completely pale

"Please" He begged.

Then the baby looked at his mother and gurgled a little. But magic seemed to be released from his child-like speak and wrapped around Hermione, reviving her. Her skin returned to normal color and her eyes opened. She wrapped her arms around her son. "Salvator" she said

Draco embraced her tightly "What did you say, sweetie?"

"Salvator. It means Saviour in Latin" She looked at her son "It's perfect"

"it is" Draco said, holding them both closely

"Draco?" Hermione asked "What did you think about when you did your patronus"

Draco gulped hard and kissed Hermione forehead

"The day you showed up at my door"

## **Chapter 19: The Best of Life**

*11 years have passed since that day*

Winter was coming to an end as the trees surrounding the Malfoy house began to sprout little green buds that would soon turn into leaves. And a young Malfoy boy who liked to spend his time outside of his house during the winter often complained to his parents about it, wondering why they couldn't just use magic to put a little more snow on the ground. To which his parents would reply "That is simply a waste of magic". Well, Hermione would. Draco would back her up when she was around, but could never resist the temptation of giving his son a little more winter

when he was alone and he asked.

Other than a tad bit of complaining every now and again, Salvator Claritas Malfoy had grown into a dapper young man, whose name was latin for Saviour of Light. He had his father's sense of mischief but otherwise resembled his mother. He had his mother's deep brown eyes and floppy curls that he would sometimes slick back when they got in his eyes. He had Draco's smile though, and all the little smirks that went with it. He had just had his birthday which meant in less than 6 months he would be on a train to hogwarts.

Hermione and Draco would get into playful arguments about which house he'd be placed in, Hermione thinking Gryffindor would suit him and Draco of course hinting in the direction of Slytherin. It was completely plausible that he could be put into either, he did show traits of both. Mischief and pride when he didn't get his way, but great courage and selflessness when he played with his little brother.

5 years after Salvator was born, Hermione and Draco had come across the surprise that they were expecting again. Hermione had fumed at Draco telling him that he must've forgotten the contraception charm. They had thought that Salvator was enough, especially given that he was a complete handful, hyper as a child and almost never slept. That didn't stop them from experiencing the utmost excitement and love for the second young Malfoy boy they'd brought into the world though.

Viribus Ex Animo Malfoy was born exactly a month and five years after his elder brother. His name translates to Strength of the Soul, but they call him Viri and his brother: Sal. While Sal looked minimally like his father, Viri was just about a carbon copy of Draco. He had his white blonde hair, and deep grey eyes. They boys may look like polar opposites but in fact spent quite a lot of time with one another. They had a pretty nice childhood too, which helped with their outlook on life and each other as well, given the fact that Malfoy money could buy any toy either of the boys desired. But more than that, their parents made sure they always knew how much they were loved and wanted.

It had been difficult for Draco and Hermione to sleep or even relax for a long time after Sal was born, especially with what had gone down during his birth, but they had promised themselves that they would give him and eventually his brother the lives they'd never had. They had moved out of Draco's cottage and into a small Muggle town near London for the first few years of Sal's life, but after they had gotten past most of the nightmares and constant paranoia of someone taking away their baby, they felt comfortable enough to rejoin the wizarding world, getting a house just a little bit west of Diagon Alley. They figured they would need to be around there soon enough anyways, one day, Sal was going to go to Hogwarts.

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Draco had promised Sal that exactly a week before Hogwarts School started that they would go to Diagon Alley and get him the supplies he needed to get started, only the best of course. And Sal counted down the days until the morning came when Howarts was exactly one week away.

5:00 AM struck the clock and Salvator was up and about. He couldn't sleep in on such an important day after all. He ran from his bedroom and burst into his parents'

"MOM DAD ITS TIME FOR DIAGON ALLEY! TIME TO LEARN ABOUT MAGIC"

The grown wizards grumbled from under their comforter on their bed

“Sal” Hermione started, rubbed her eyes “Go back to sleep, daddy and I are tired”

Draco groaned and stretched, pulling the covers from himself and Hermione. He was tired too, but he remembered as a young man how excited he was for his first time shopping for Hogwarts. He forced a playful grin and jostled his sleepy wife

“Come on, ‘Mione, we did say we’d take him shopping”

Hermione looked up at her husband and muttered “You said you’d take him shopping. Besides if you don’t remember we had a late night last night” she smirked up at Draco

“Please Hermione” Draco said followed by a higher pitched “Please Mommy”

“Shopping just won’t be the same without you!” Draco said kissing his wife “Besides I think Viri would want to go with us”

Apon hearing his name Viri appeared right in the middle of the bed next to his parents. Neither Hermione nor Draco knew how Viri knew how to teleport but they usually thought of it as a blessing. Unless of course it was 5 AM. “Viribus Ex Animo Malfoy!” Hermione started “What have I told you about this? You scared me!”

“Well that means you’re awake doesn’t it?” The voice of Sal sounded from the foot of the bed

Hermione sighed through her nose “Alright, alrighty boys I’m up”

All three boys cheered in unison

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After a breakfast of Pancakes and eggs, followed by the boys getting dressed, which could sometimes be a task because both of them were perfectly happy going out in their pajamas, and Viri would literally disappear when Hermione tried to brush his hair, they quartet were ready to go to Diagon Alley.

“Where would you like to go first, Sal?” Hermione asked as they entered the wizards shopping center

“I dunno Mom” he said.

Hermione opened her mouth to say something but Draco beat her to it, she had been cross ever since Sal had stopped using the word Mommy and started using Mom and Draco didn’t want anything to put a damper on their son’s good mood.

“May I suggest Olivander’s?” Draco said clearing his throat

Hermione’s facial expression relaxed a little

“Yes that’s a good idea, huh, Sal?”

Yeah, okay Mommy”

Hermione smiled, a little warmth coming to her cheeks. As mischievous as he was, Sal still knew how to make her feel good.

Viri sat on Draco's shoulders throughout the wand shopping experience, and after a couple more shops after that, the parents could tell he was getting cranky. It was obvious he was getting hungry

"Come on Sal, we have gotten you everything you need, how about we get some lunch"

Sal's stubbornness came out when he spoke this time "But you said we could go to Honeydukes!"

"Afterwards... come on"

"YOU SAID HONEYDUKES!" The eleven year old began to protest. Draco could tell he was hungry like his brother, and getting aggravated but wouldn't let up until they went to honeydukes.

This caused a conflict of interest with his brother though as the six year old began to wail in order to get his way as well.

Draco was not in the mood to cause a scene so he told Hermione to go and get Viri some lunch, and he would take Sal to honeydukes.

Hermione exhaustively agreed. Draco could tell she was getting worn out too. "You know what, Mione, how about you and Viri go home. Get some lunch, take a nap. Sal and I will be right behind you"

Hermione nodded and began to apparate herself and the small child home, but not before saying "Don't fill him up too much with Sugar. He will already have trouble sleeping for next week with excitement already"

Draco nodded but nudged his son playfully. Draco knew he would get Sal anything he asked for.

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Draco took his son to the candy shop, and didn't expect the overwhelming sense of Nostalgia he got when they arrived. He hadn't been there since he had followed Hermione. Who would've known what a bit of Light Stalking could have turned into.

Salvator was a few items short of having his father buy out the entire store when they finished shopping and outside Draco said he could pick a treat, but then they would save the rest for later. He didn't want Hermione too mad at him.

The 11 year old stroked his chin thoughtfully then his eyes perked up "Chocolate frog!"

Draco smiled and pulled his son into a hug. Those were what Hermione had bought the day his life changed forever. And it seemed fitting that her son, related to him or not, liked them too.

Sal wiggled away from his father "Nooooowwwwww" he whined and Draco handed one over, watching as the young man hastily popped it into his mouth.

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The week seemed to fly by as well as the departure to Hogwarts itself.

“Okay honey, are you sure you have everything you need?” Hermione asked placing her hands on her son’s shoulders as the tooting of a train horn blasted beside them

“Yes mom” Salvator said rolling his eyes “We have been over this like one billion times!”

Hermione playfully swatted her son then pulled him into a hug “You better write us every night”

Draco placed his hand on his son’s forehead stroking back his hair “Tell your headmaster if you get too homesick okay?”

“By Sal!” Viri waved “Wait... I have something for you” then Viri pulled a half sucked on Lollipop out of his mouth and handed it to his brother who recoiled in disgust

Hermione scowled at him and Sal reluctantly took the pop.

“Stick it to the annoying kids” Draco whispered to his son

“What did you just say” Hermione said to her husband

“Nothing darling”

“Do it” He mouthed to Sal.

Sal was pulled into one more group hug then boarded the train

“See you at christmas honey!” Hermione yelled as the train took off

“I still can’t believe our little boy is going to Hogwarts” Hermione turned to Draco

“Me either”

“You know he’s going to be a Gryffindor right?”

Draco smirked at his wife “In your dreams”

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“Hah!” Draco yelled when he got the news “He’s a Slytherin!”

Hermione crossed her arms and rolled her eyes jokingly

“Well you know Viri’s going to be a Gryffindor though right?”

“Oh sure. You know Malfoy men are all Slytherin at heart!”

“Well then I hope our 3rd child is a girl!”

“Our 3rd child?”

“Draco... I’m pregnant”

Hermione giggled and Draco pulled her into a long hug. They were peaceful in each other’s arms until Draco broke the silence

“I bet it’s going to be embarrassing for you when all 3 of our kids are Slytherins!”

“Well then we’ll keep trying til we get a Gryffindor!” Hermione laughed

“Why don’t we start now”

“You do know I’m pregnant right, maybe you’re hard of hearing”

“Hey we gotta practice you know? Practice makes perfect, and I only make perfect children”

Hermione felt herself being pulled into Draco’s arms and onto his lips. She couldn’t imagine her life any other way with anybody else.

**The End.**

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\*I worked very hard on this project and I am so happy it has gotten all the positive attention it has. Although I am sad it is ending, I hope you all enjoyed it. XOXOX, LovelessHope